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THE SPHERE, MAY 22, 1943
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Vol. CLXXIII No. 2261 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 22 1943

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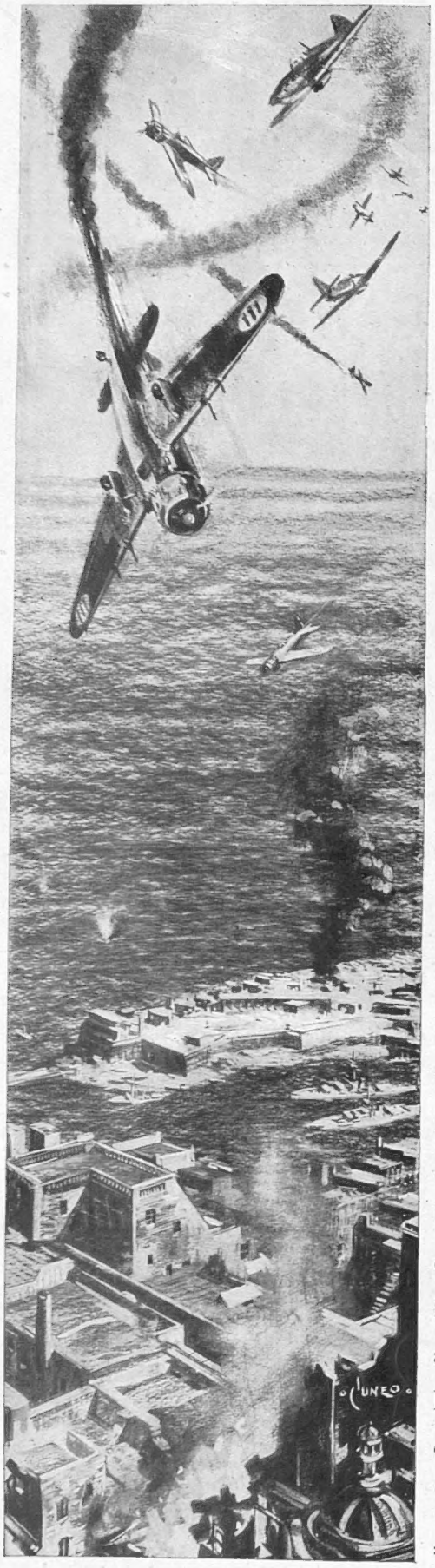
The little things . . .



Malta,
Little Island
that would not yield
to savage might.
Immortal symbol
of all little things
which, having faith
and courage
and endurance
shall prevail
against the dark
destroying powers.
Little squadrons—
how little
once—
that charged
into big formations
and scattered them.
Little ships
that fought through
tempest of flame
and sea
to bring supplies.
Little homes
shattered;
Humble folk
carrying on
in Malta . . .
as in Britain . . .
Island to Island . . .
calling . . .
'Carry on.'

* * * *

This war is being fought for the rights of little things—the sacred right of little folk to live their lives unmolested by big gangsters. It is being won by millions of little sacrifices, little efforts—and millions doing their 'bit.' Our duty is to make our 'bit' bigger—which means, here and now, work harder and SAVE MORE.

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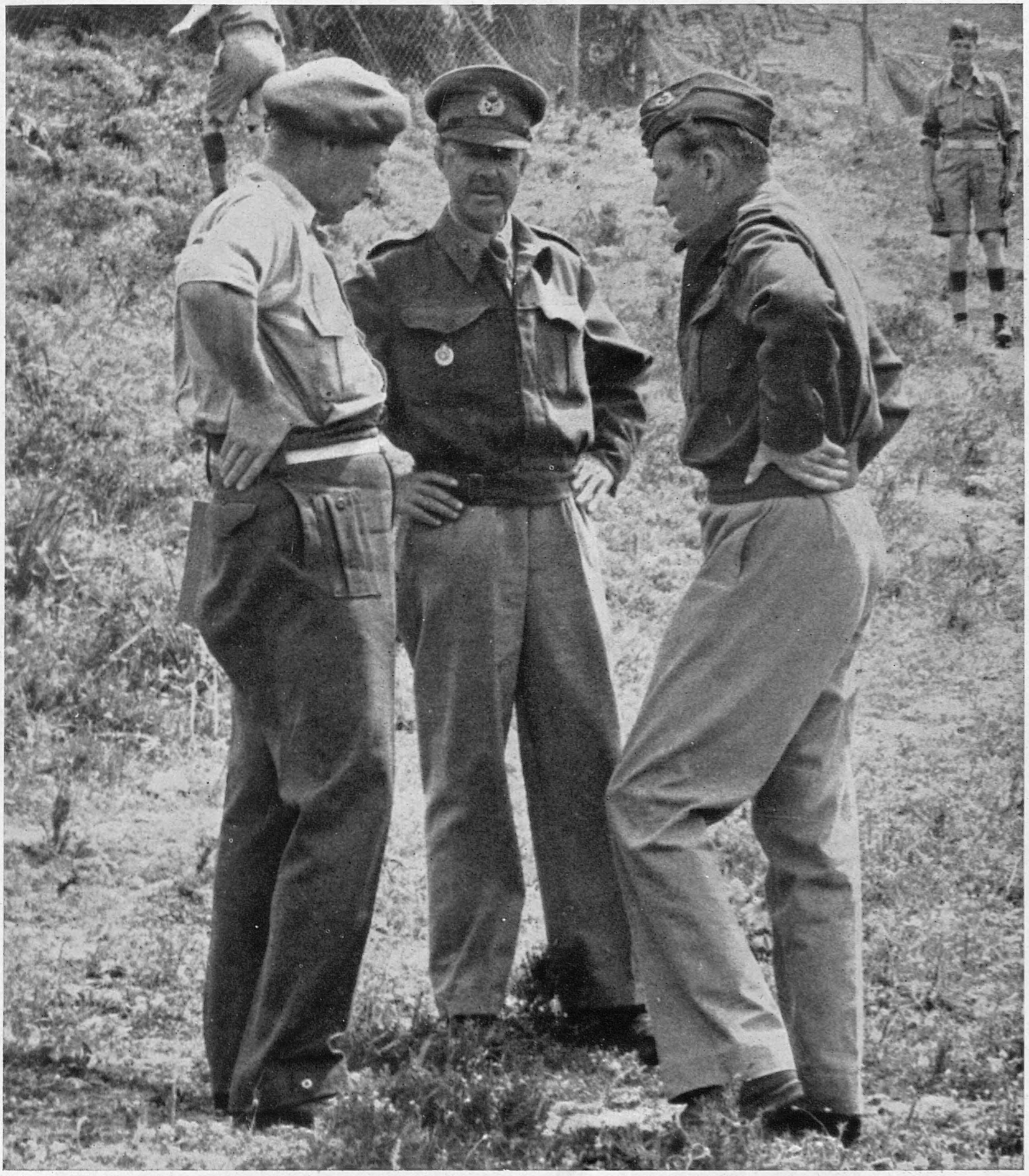
Volume CLXXIII No. 2261 The SPHERE, London, May 22, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE THREE MEN WHO CARRIED OUT THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF THE AXIS IN NORTH AFRICA: GENERAL ALEXANDER, during his visit to First Army Headquarters before the great "Round up," confers in the open air with GENERAL ANDERSON (in beret) and AIR MARSHAL CONINGHAM

Not only is the campaign in North Africa *actually* over: it is also *officially* over! Mr. Attlee declared this last week in the House of Commons. And here are the three men who (under the supreme direction of General Eisenhower) brought about this very decisive ending. The picture was taken before the fall of Bizerta and Tunis during a visit paid by General Alexander to General Anderson's H.Q., where the final adjustments to the offensive plan were presumably made. By pushing the Axis out of North Africa, General Alexander had the personal satisfaction of avenging the two retreats in which he had previously participated—Dunkirk and Burma. Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson, the Commander of the First Army, went out to North Africa from the Eastern Command: he nearly broke into Bizerta in the early days of the Tunisian campaign, but thereafter sustained setbacks and disappointments with great fortitude until he was able to lead his gallant men to one of the most rapid and decisive victories of the whole war to date. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham (at one time a member of the fighting combination of Cunningham, Cunningham, and Coningham) is the Commander of the Tactical Air Force which helped so greatly to break up the *Luftwaffe* in North Africa and whose close co-operation with the land forces in the final stages set a new style in land-air warfare

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 194

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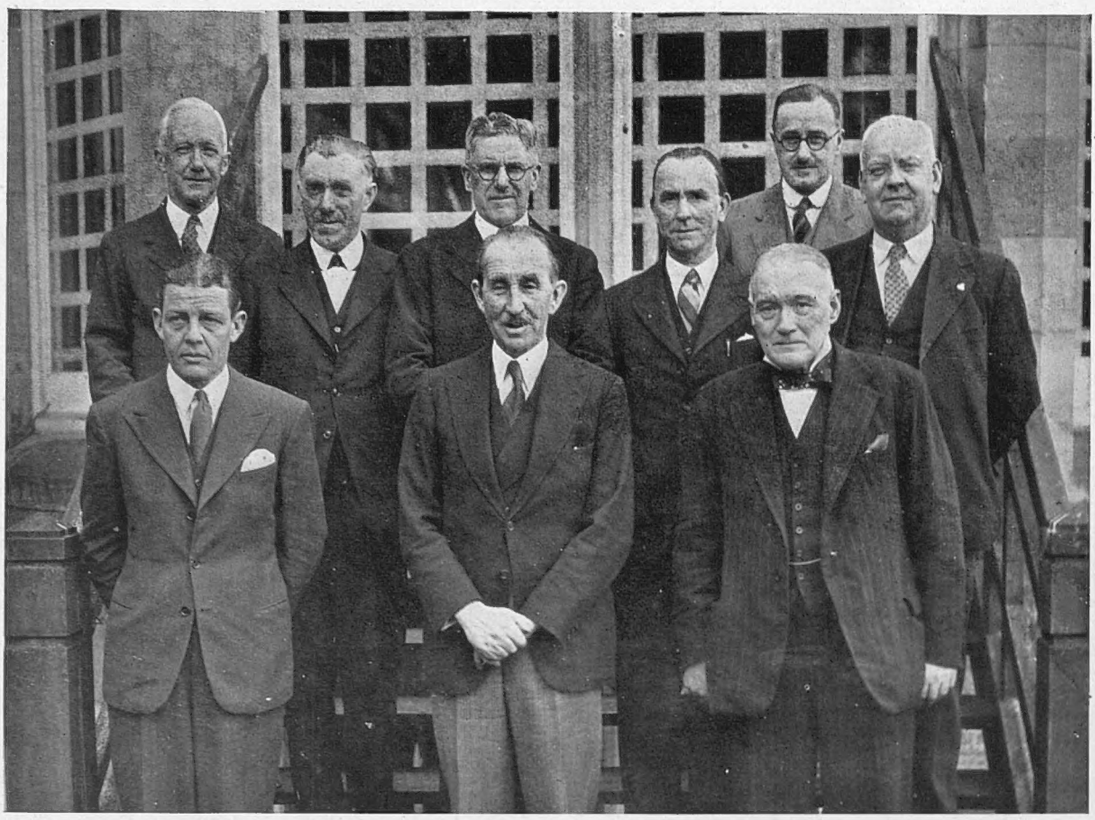
Big-minded Generals.—

It is probably true that, in the history of warfare, the conduct of allied operations (always a ticklish business) was never more smoothly conducted than in the Tunisian campaign of 1943. It is probably true, too, that never in British Army history has there been better understanding between commands and rank and file, between staffs and troops, less cause for criticism, jealousy or recrimination, less bungling on either side, than in the First and Eighth Armies. The spirit of big formations, as of the smallest fighting unit, owes most to their leaders. However good the rank and file, if the commanders fail in high inspiration, the co-ordinated spirit, the essence, the *esprit de corps*, is lacking. Therefore, we may be sure the men at the top were big-hearted men, who inspired their staffs and their fighting units with a common (and rare) spirit of brotherhood, a comprehension of the equal importance of staff work and field work, a confidence that there would be no favourites, no "cushy" jobs, no "complimentary" honours and rewards; but short-sleeve slogging in a common cause from top to bottom. We do not know Eisenhower. All evidence assures us he is that sort of "big-man," generous, honourable, efficient, humble, always ready to hand the bouquet out where it is deserved, not fond of personal publicity—the right man for a very ticklish post. Alexander is an Irishman, son of the fourth Earl of Caledon. Harrow and Sandhurst. Irish Guards. Made, when very young, a great reputation as a fighting soldier in the First World War. He was twenty-three when it began. D.S.O., M.C., Legion of Honour, Order of St. Anne, etc. Held commands and saw much fighting in India between wars. A man of great personal courage and coolness, not given to speech, not fond of formality—a foregone conclusion as a fighting brigadier. Sprang a surprise, perhaps, on his intimates when he revealed all the qualities required of an Army group commander under modern conditions. But the functions of an Army commander 1943 and an Army commander 1918 bear no comparison. The A.C. of 1943 must be, first, a fighting leader, and, second, a genius in spotting character in appointing his key men. Anderson. Very few people outside the Army had "heard of" him in 1940. They would not have found much news of him in the reference books. A man little advertised, silent in set-backs, silent in triumph, calm, steady, methodical, exerting a quiet influence for good, inspiring quiet confidence in his own abilities and understanding of what soldiers can and can't do, just, humane, strong. A man of high character, based on religious precept and practice, another humble student of his profession. Of Montgomery no need to speak. The limelight centred on him in his great march from Alamein. A bunch of big-hearted, big-minded men who created a machine which achieved miracles and great glory, and saw to it that the machine ran smoothly. The oil was character, example, selflessness, humanity, fellowship. Tact alone, adroitness, cleverness—these qualities could not have done the trick.

An Historical Campaign.

—*Alamein to Bizerta.* The greatness of this great campaign, with all its implications still to come, increases with reflection, and will continue to increase when a study of all the facts is possible. The statistics of miles covered, the record of difficulties overcome, geographical, geological, climatic; difficulties of supply by sea and land; difficulties of air co-operation; records of improvisation, imagination; tales of sheer courage and guts; instances of refusal to accept the impossible—it will be a record to make a man's heart beat quicker and prouder for humanity and for his own nation, be he British, American, French, Indian, African, or what not. It will be the textbook No. 1 of the British and American armies in years to come. Lord Halifax has pin-pointed the *fons et origo* of this victory way back in the dark days of Dunkirk, when Mr. Churchill made one more of his bold decisions based on blind faith, and parted with the little "armour" we then possessed to defend our home fortress. It may be so. The Mississippi starts in a trickle. Looking at it from the mouth, and not the source, our accepted prophets and seers unite in admiration of the greatness of the achievement, and in their verdict upon its importance. We do, indeed, feel to-day that for the Axis it is the beginning of the end, and that suspicion is clearly whispered in Axis countries and among Axis satellites. Dunkirk is avenged, the adverse balance is adjusted, and the sword of justice has begun its work. The judgment is set and the books are open.



THE MEN WHO ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF ULSTER: A group picture taken at Stormont Castle, the official residence of Sir Basil Brooke, the new Prime Minister of Northern Ireland

With the resignation of Mr. J. M. Andrews, Sir Basil Brooke, Bart., was called on by the Governor-General to form a new Ministry in Ulster. The picture reproduced here was taken at the new Cabinet's first meeting at the Premier's official residence. In the front row (from left to right) are: the Rt. Hon. J. M. Sinclair, Minister of Finance; the Rt. Hon. Sir Basil Brooke, Bart. (Prime Minister); the Rt. Hon. William Lowry, K.C., Minister of Home Affairs. In the back row are: Mr. R. Grandson, Secretary to the Cabinet; Rev. the Rt. Hon. Robert Moore, Minister of Agriculture; Professor the Rt. Hon Robert Cortey, Minister of Education; the Rt. Hon. H. C. Midgley, Minister of Public Security; Mr. A. J. Kelly, Assistant Secretary to the Cabinet, and the Rt. Hon. W. Grant, Minister of Labour

The Tendency to "Maffick."—

It has gone from us! And it looks to me that one of the great post-war dangers is lessened. We have had a crashing victory—another Waterloo, with knobs on—over the cream of the Nazis in Tunisia. And neither in London nor in the country did I meet a single man or woman or child inclined to shout "Rule Britannia" or to wave a flag. And every other person I spoke to commented on this remarkable fact. Why is it? Certainly it is not that our pride in the achievements of our Army, Navy and Air Force is not supreme, and our thankfulness great. In part it is due, no doubt, to the fact that we are war-worn and saturated with eternal war news, undiluted, and are "suffering" from the inevitable failure to whip ourselves up to enthusiasm or to work ourselves up to great excitement over new sensations, thrilling or fearful. We are not only war-worn but inured to war. But there's more in it than that. Our national character *has* changed for the better. Mass vulgarity is less and we are a little more inclined, like our great Elizabethan ancestors, to give some of the praise to God, and not to chalk it all up to our own personal cleverness and greatness. This is good, and, it seems to me, a happier augury for the ticklish armistice interlude, whenever that may fall. It is quite a significant phenomenon. Those old enough to remember the Boer War and our mass reactions to such "victories" as came our way in that sorry struggle will agree that we have, indeed, moved forward from the abysm of mass vulgarity in fifty years, and that the trials of half a century may have given us a new dignity and restraint which will, perhaps, outlast (and serve us in) the vital first weeks of the post-present war period. But still there are manifestations of petty mindedness, and, unfortunately, in the most public place. The B.B.C. News Services still rely for effect on the cheap score. I am not alone in disliking this unchanging habit of the B.B.C. The victory of Tunisia is too big, too grand, a theme for petty pin-pricking, and even as propaganda it is ineffective. It is the deeds of our armies, not the verbal smartness of little men and propagandists, that influence neutral opinion, and I felt ashamed of those tittering reminders of what Axis speakers in December and January told their peoples of their hopes and intentions to hold on to Bizerta and Tunis. What else could they say? What else could *we* say in like circumstances? And what else *did* we say? How many of our statesmen's confident predictions and promises were foolscapped by the grim chances and changes of war in 1940, 1941 and 1942, in the Far East, the Middle East and in the West? It's a pity that the B.B.C., in this year of greatness, should give the world a picture of great peoples playing a feline, petty game.

The Academy.—

Have you done the Academy? Well, yes, I have. After four years I allowed myself a conventional old-style May morning in London, and even bought some badly needed oddments in Burlington Arcade. Odder still, I met at least six old contemporaries "sauntering." One was off to exercise his dog in Green Park, another was changing library books; a third buying spring ties. It might have been 1937. But not at the Academy. That was definitely "war-work." Actually, there were no more red-tab generals and Admirals of the Blue, or subalterns in first uniform, than in the days of peace. Perhaps that was why the close-up of Lord Trenchard's medal ribbons sticks in my memory and throat. The naked women were more numerous than usual. I wondered whether possibly austerity in soap and hot water accounted for the muddiness of their skins. Their shapes must have been due to other causes, no doubt beyond their control. I saw only two female faces which were not definitely plain. Many, many which were gargoyles. It is *vieux jeu* to jeer at the R.A.—a mere Edwardian smartness. But this show of 1943 is not attractive and contains all too little that is notable.

The Rains Came.—

It is not often that in an English May 1·76 inches of rain fall in a single day, least of all when accompanied continuously by wind reaching in gusts 70 m.p.h. That was, however, the record of May 9, and a nastier day I seldom remember. In point of "precipitation" it deserves no comparison with British records (let alone those of Assam and such waterchute places). June 29, 1917, holds its grand and monstrous record unchallenged in the annals of Bruton, Somerset, when just under 10 in. of rain fell in the twenty-four hours on the just and unjust Brutonians! All the same, May 9, 1943, was a nasty day to remember, and the nastier because, badly as the rain was needed by farmers and gardeners, it was not the warm, gentle rain for which they asked. It chilled and battered, and bludgeoned with tree litter, sprouting corn and tender vegetable plants and seedlings, knocked flat potatoes and cabbages, and gave a deal of trouble to householders and small-holders. But it had one good result. It finally extinguished many subterranean heath fires which, lit by persons unfamiliar with the danger of lighting fires on peat soil in a dry spring, left behind them these latent dangers to landowners whose ground they used for camps or bivouacs.

THE OLD STAGER

HOW THE R.A.F. GROUNDED THE LUFTWAFFE BY BOMBING ITS AERODROMES : This picture was taken at the Tunis aerodrome ; not only have the airfield installations and hangars been bombed and burnt, but numbers of German and Italian aircraft on the ground were also destroyed. The number of bomb craters across the flying-field must have rendered take-off and landing a hazardous business for the few aircraft which remained in operation—(See also following pages)

TUNIS JUST AFTER THE ALLIED OCCUPATION

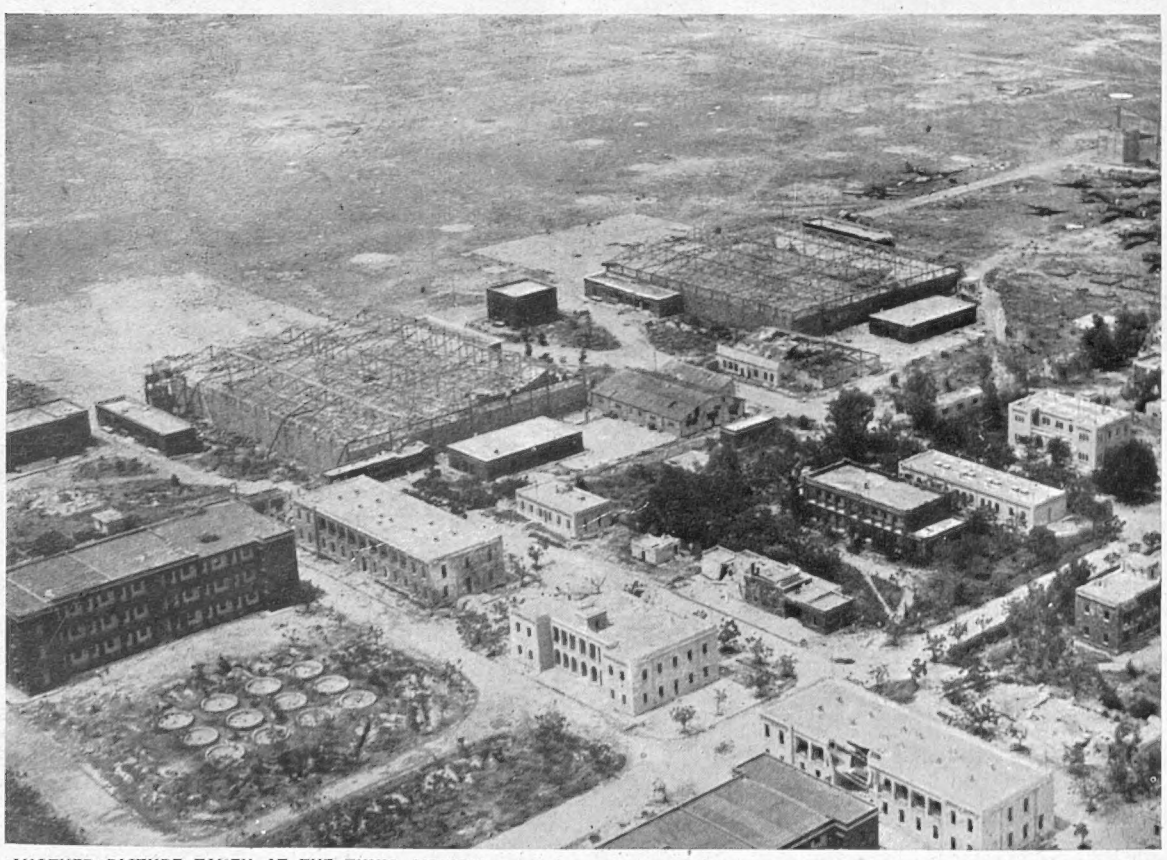
The First Official Pictures Taken After the Entry of British Troops

See also following pages

On right—ON THE DOCKSIDE AT TUNIS. A wrecked Italian Savoia Marchetti S.M. 82, which was being used by the Germans (as indicated by the Swastika markings). This huge three-motor transport was probably intended for evacuation purposes : it was destroyed by the R.A.F. before it could attempt this function !

TUNIS and BIZERTA JUST AFTER the ALLIED OCCUPATION *(continued)*

TUNIS: ACRES AND ACRES OF DEVASTATION IN THE DOCK AREA, where warehouses and installations were completely wiped out in R.A.F. raids before our entry into the city. This picture bears striking witness to the accuracy and deadliness of our bombing aircraft: although the docks and warehouses have been blasted completely out of existence (leaving only temporary hutments built at a later date), the commercial and residential portions of Tunis were practically untouched—as shown in the picture on the right



ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN AT THE TUNIS AIRFIELD, showing two great hangars completely gutted, and more wrecked aircraft (in the top right-hand corner). This picture supplements the bigger view reproduced on the preceding page. (Note the storage tanks in the bottom left hand)

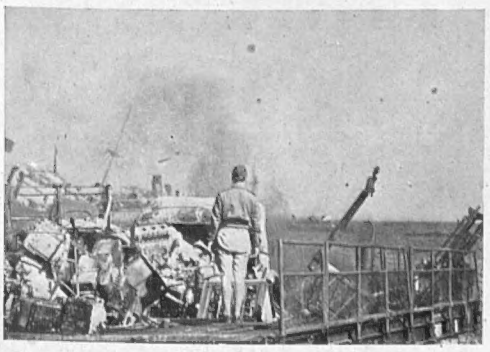
THE POPULACE OF TUNIS WELCOME THE ALLIES and clamber all over their vehicles as they enter the city. The V-sign was given freely

THE BOMB-WRECKED INTERIOR OF THE TUNIS POWER STATION, as it was found by our troops after their entry into the city

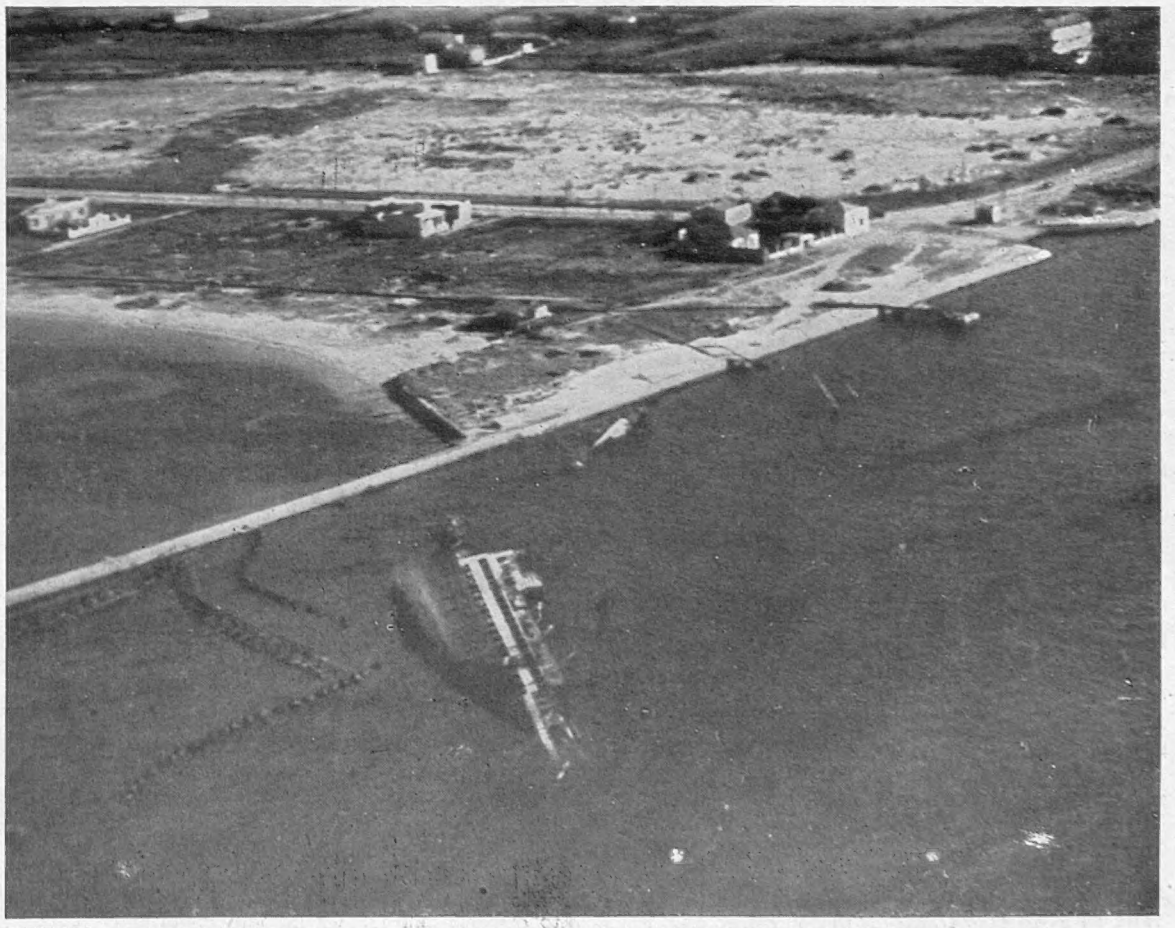
TUNIS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CAPITAL CITY AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIES. The only sign of warfare in this picture is the shelter trench dug on an empty site in the bottom right-hand corner! Not a building in this close-packed area has suffered from R.A.F. bomb damage, despite the proximity of this business and residential quarter to the dock area shown in the picture on the left

As soon as our troops entered Bizerta and Tunis, the pictures reproduced on these, and the preceding, pages were taken to show the state of the two towns. Tunis, in particular, showed how accurate the Allied air bombardments had been: the town, as distinct from the port, is scarcely damaged—but in the port our bombs have wreaked terrible damage. "One can walk the length of the Avenue Jules Ferry, the great artery of Tunis, or turn up side streets at will, without seeing a single house hit or damaged," wrote one correspondent who was amongst the first to enter the town. In the dock area, on the other hand, the damage beggars description: all that is left in some places is the outline of once-tall warehouses and harbour installations, as indicated in the large picture in the upper left hand.

At Bizerta, when our forces entered, the town was virtually empty, and there was little of the gay exuberance which met our men in Tunis. Bizerta had been badly bombed, and the town as well as the port had suffered owing to the close proximity of the two. The population had, almost entirely, moved out to the neighbouring villages to escape from the R.A.F.



SOME OF THE WRECKAGE found on the harbour front at Bizerta—the result of non-ceasing attacks by the Allies from the air



BIZERTA: THIS PICTURE WAS FLOWN TO LONDON FROM NORTH AFRICA. It shows an Axis vessel, half-submerged, lying on its side in the harbour after the surrender of the town. Bizerta had suffered a more systematic series of bombing from the air than had the city of Tunis

THE ADRIATIC COMES INTO THE PICTURE

The Increasing Importance of the Now-vulnerable Eastern Seaboard of the Italian Mainland. Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

IT doesn't matter where the Allies attack between Sardinia and Rhodes; even if they don't attack at all, but choose some other part of the Axis perimeter—the Adriatic Sea is back in the war. One might almost say that this "*Amarissima*"—most bitterly loved sea of D'Annunzio—is properly in this war for the first time.

It would have been partially so without the overrunning of Tunisia, for just prior to that conquest there had been heavy American and R.A.F. bombing raids on Bari, hub aero-naval base lying some 70 miles up the "heel" of Italy, facing Albania. With Allied bombers able to take off from the Tunisian tip, the whole Adriatic must shortly come under Tedder's close attention.

The day-and-night attacks on the great assembly airfield at Bari were executed by the Middle East Command, and they may have come from Derna, Tripoli, or even Malta. The two first would imply a round trip of about 1,200 miles; the third, of less than 800 miles. With the transformation in Tunisia, it will be barely 700 miles from the Tunis and Bizerta land and seaplane bases to the northernmost waters of the Adriatic—or 1,400 miles out and home for the Trieste target—and what is that to Flying Forts and Wellingtons, to Liberators and even valiant little Mosquitoes?

For a variety of reasons, the immunity with which Italians and Germans have used the Adriatic for over two—some might say four—years is at an end. In effect, this sea has been much of an Axis, if not an Italian, preserve ever since Mussolini's Good Friday onslaught on Albania in 1939. This act greatly strengthened the Fascist hold on Valona and its island "Gibraltar," Sasseno, 55 miles from Brindisi. Sasseno-Brindisi is not the narrowest part of the Strait of Otranto, but represents the best line for closing the Adriatic, which was well demonstrated when Italy's treacherous "pre-belligerent" attitude in 1939-40 severely handicapped the Mediterranean Fleet's efforts to get through the Strait for the purpose of interrupting traffic between Germany and Yugoslav ports. Our naval forces pulled the trick off once: in April 1940. But nearly another year elapsed before the Adriatic was again successfully penetrated.

On this occasion an Anglo-Greek naval force pushed north in order to attack supply vessels and transports going to the Italian armies at that time ignominiously blocked in Albania by the Greeks. Light cruisers, destroyers, submarines and minesweepers managed to sail to the level of Dubrovnik. But it was a very risky affair, considering our then naval strength. And that same spring of 1941 brought an end to "intrusion" of the Adriatic, after Hitler's steamrollering of Yugoslavia and Greece had enabled Italy to take over the entire eastern—Dalmatian—shore almost "for the landing." Thereafter, for more than two years the Adriatic was a really sealed Axis "lake," up and down and across which there never ceased to ply vessels carrying war traffic of the most important kind.

Well, those days are over. Bari marked the beginning. One says this with the more confidence (while hating, for divers reasons, prediction of all kinds) because it so happens that the weather in this corner of the Mediterranean basin will, until late October, be consistently good for the day precision bombing which, there is proof upon proof, the Allies carry out so devastatingly.

Italy uses ports on both sides of this enclosed sea for the supply, maintenance and transit of her divisions in the Balkans. Last winter her forces there were said to total twenty-three divisions, or something in the vicinity of 400,000 men. Since then, many troops are believed to have been recalled for the defence of the homeland, for Germans and Hungarians to take their places. But Italy has still a vast host tied up in the Balkans, and anything that can be done to tie it up in the real sense must expedite the moral and material collapse of a land with the finger of destiny in shadow over its entire length.

The increased maritime movement back and forth across the Adriatic, due to the recall of Italian troops, renders additionally tempting as targets the rare ports on the Italian side: Otranto, Brindisi, Bari, Pescara, Ancona, Rimini and Venice. Nor need Venice of the art-lover be as much as touched, for a distinct advance to be made on the result of previous scant bombing carried out from English airfields. The port installations and shipping of Venice are quite a distance from the Piazza San Marco.

Of the other ports, Bari and Ancona have probably been the most used. The Italian and German air forces based on Bari guard not only the entrance to the Adriatic but also the Gulf of Taranto, and as nearly one-half of the Italian Fleet is thought to have retired to Taranto, the desirability of bombing Bari requires no emphasis.

Ancona, like Bari, has been used for other purposes than military traffic. Extensive shipments of raw materials are made to both ports from the Yugoslav coast. Copper, cement, manganese and bauxite are among the vital requisites shipped across to Italy so as to ease traffic on the Yugoslav and Danubian railways and waterways. These are already congested or damaged. A leading current Allied objective is to reduce and muddle Axis transport wherever feasible, and here in the Adriatic there is henceforth offered a fresh opportunity.

It is not just a question of reducing Italy's total use of this sea. The Istrian Peninsula, up at the top of the Adriatic, is the main Axis supply centre for Greece, Southern Italy and Crete, and for other Ægean islands as well, which cannot be adequately fed through Salonika. The docks at Trieste and Fiume are packed with every kind of necessity destined for the Mediterranean. Three trunk railway lines come into Trieste and Fiume from Hitler's "Fortress," wherein slaves or near-slaves prepare arms, munitions and supplies in profusion. Notably Rumanian oil and Hungarian foodstuffs journey to Trieste, whence coastal shipping takes them south in a steady stream. Some shipments are put ashore at Dalmatian ports and islands, but much goes on down through the Strait of Otranto.

In addition to this, Istria has been developed by the Reich into a principal defensive rampart of south-east Europe. A dozen larger or smaller airfields now exist between Trieste and Fiume. Italian shipbuilding and aircraft construction at the celebrated Monfalcone plant, near Trieste, are to-day controlled by German overseers and engineers. To cap things, tucked-away Pola has emerged as a main U-boat base for the Mediterranean, as it did in the last war.

Not that it is necessary to reach all the time to the top of the Adriatic in order to come by valuable targets. Besides ports and shipping, industrial targets are to be found much further to the south, on both the Italian and Dalmatian sides. Bombing in the Adriatic has the added value of causing the enemy to disperse still further his gun crews and day and night fighters, and we know how each extension of this kind is a fresh drain on Axis defences already stretched to the limit over most of Europe.

Again, let us remember the message that Washington officially sent to the Albanians some while ago, telling them to hold on. Without joining in the rather unsatisfactory game of guessing at future possible invasions, many think that some form of Allied action is scheduled to fall in or very close to the Adriatic, and what better preparation for it than the "softening" ritual, the bombing that heartens our waiting friends, summoning them to the alert, and at the same time spreads terror and confusion among enemies? The bombing of Bari quickly led to a state of siege being declared locally.

Finally, there is the political aspect of going "over the top" to "*Amarissima*," as D'Annunzio christened the Adriatic in the days when Italy had not yet grabbed all of it. Born beside it, at Pescara, D'Annunzio reached his showiest heights at Fiume, after which episode Mussolini demoted the poet and himself took over the cry. That Serbs, Austrians, Slovenes, Croats, Albanians and Greeks had a right to some say in the Adriatic was swept aside by the expanding Bull Frog, who finished by Italianising every blessed name from north to south.

ITALY AND THE ADRIATIC: The long and vulnerable coastline to east and west, the islands of Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica—all of which are now threatened by the R.A.F. The Italian coastline is no less than 2,600 miles long; the island of Sicily has a line of 700 miles to protect; Sardinia has 860 miles; and Corsica 300 miles

At the southern extremity of the Adriatic the war of 1914-18 found its opening renewal when Mussolini bombarded Corfu in 1923. Historians insist that this piece of brazen banditry projected the one war into the other.

As the Allies push a finger ever northward, eventually up to the Trieste country so ripe for bombing, the Duce and his Fascists will lose correspondingly in prestige—if they have any still to lose. It will be like going after them again as in Ethiopia or in Tripolitania, only more so. For, once the Allies return to the Adriatic, Italy will be pranged or straddled or whatever it is called; at any rate, she will feel the war pelting down on both her sides. And it is poetically just that the Americans should take a big part, inasmuch as it was the U.S. veto on the 1915 Secret Treaty of London which for long years kept Mussolini from grabbing "*Amarissima*"—nothing to the bitterness ahead for him.

TUNISIAN NEWSREEL: *A Series of Pictures Taken by British Newsreel Photographers After the Allied Entry into Tunis*

Street-fighting took place as the Allied troops occupied the town. The German lying dead had been firing on British troops from a garden. French gendarmes and Italian civilians are here watching the Allies enter

A British soldier brings a pair of Axis prisoners in the town past a still burning German vehicle. Scenes like this were everywhere witnessed in Tunis, so rapid was the British advance in its later stages

A round-up of Axis prisoners by Allied troops begins as the enemy resistance in the streets was smashed. There was little organised opposition, the majority of Germans being anxious to surrender

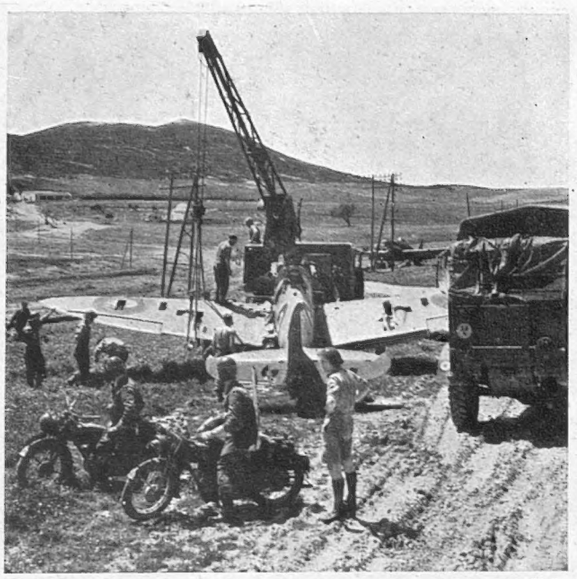
How the groups of prisoners were guarded by handfuls of British soldiers. An automatic gun covers the surrendered officers, whilst a Bren gun points towards the larger group of private soldiers

Some of the Germans in Tunis put up a temporary resistance. Here British troops keep watch on a building which harboured German snipers, ready to deal with them when they emerge from their shelter

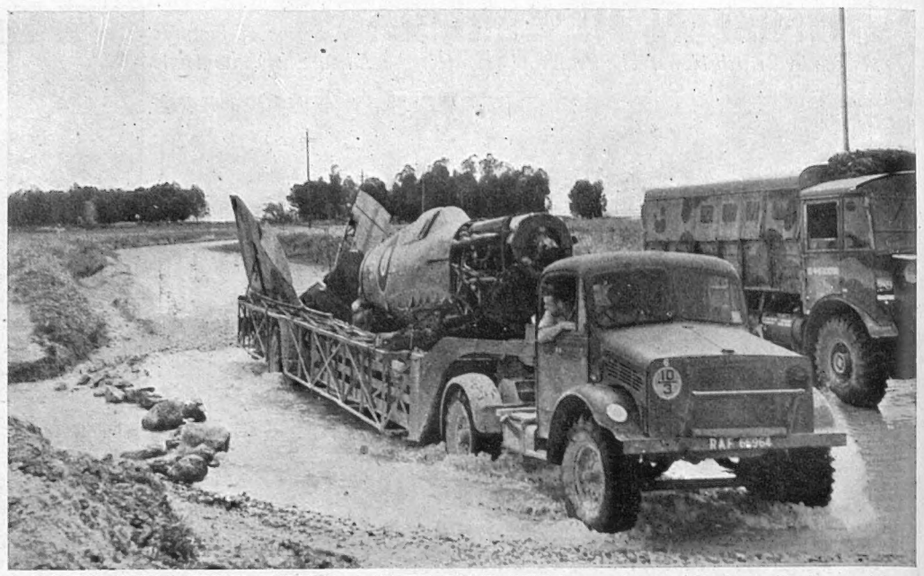
Another nest of Axis soldiers is eliminated. With hands held high, the half-dozen enemy soldiers go forward to a prisoners' concentration point. Two British soldiers cover them from the rear

The German Town Major of Tunis and his staff officers are escorted to a place of safety after their capture. The rapidity of the Allied advance took these important officers by surprise

The wildly enthusiastic citizens of Tunis greet the victorious Allied troops. British and American flags appeared as if by magic, and the "V" sign was everywhere in evidence (*Further pictures on page 249*)



HOW AIRCRAFT ARE SALVAGED AND REPAIRED: A Salvage Unit at work on a damaged Spitfire beside the road near Medjez-el-Bab, when the latter was a front-line town. On the other side of the road is a Hurricane which was recovered from a hillside whilst it was still under the observation of the enemy



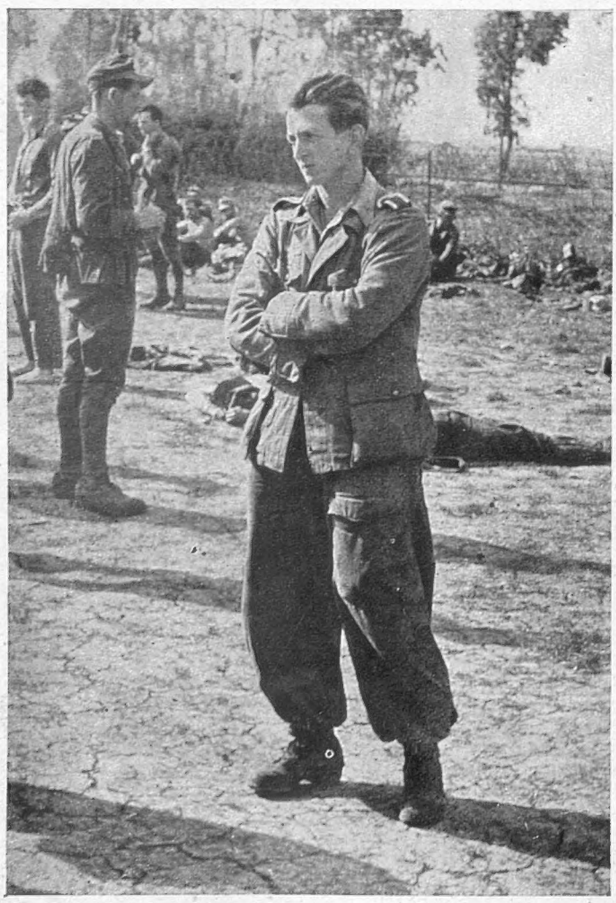
A "QUEEN MARY" DRIVES THROUGH A WATER-FILLED CRATER on the way back to its base with a damaged Spitfire which had been forced down over the battle area

AFTER THE GREAT VICTORY

Some Interesting New Pictures from the Battle Areas in Northern Tunisia

Many aircraft which were reported missing in air combat in North Africa were soon back in the battle! They had been brought to the base by R.A.F. Repair and Salvage Units. These latter go everywhere with their powerful cranes and big "Queen Marys" (as the R.A.F. call their 60-ft.-long, six-wheeled transports). The Tunisian mountain roads present difficulties for motorists at the best of times: in wartime, crowded with supply convoys and often under attack by the enemy, taking a "Queen Mary" through the mountains is a driver's nightmare. But R.A.F. Salvage Units do not always keep to the roads. Their work takes them over rough ground, up and down mountain slopes. Often they worked for hours within range of enemy guns. Tons of valuable war material have been recovered from the battlefield—from aircraft wrecked beyond repair, or from other salvage within the battle area

ANOTHER "QUEEN MARY" (R.A.F. name for the 60-ft.-long, six-wheeled, articulated transports), with a Spitfire aboard, passes a bomb-damaged house in a Tunisian village



A YOUNG GERMAN PARATROOP at a Field Prison Camp. Like our own First Army, many of these paratroops were used as infantry for special assaults during the fighting which culminated in the capture of Bizerta and Tunis

CRACK GERMAN TROOPS CAPTURED IN A TUNIS TANK BATTLE. These are men of the famous Herman Göring Regiment—corps d'élite of the Afrika Korps. They are surrounding a British corporal for cigarettes just after being captured. The cigarettes were by way of a "thanks-offering," for the Corporal had had to bale out of his tank during the battle when only 70 yards from the enemy, and not one shot was fired at him or his crew. Note the camouflage uniform worn by the Germans

A NEW ROLE FOR A.-A. GUNS: Well known for their work in the defence of London during the days of the blitz, British 3·7-in. anti-aircraft guns were used as field artillery in the Medjez-el-Bab sector of the Tunisian front and played a great part in the final victory

ews of our 3·7 anti-aircraft guns in the Tunisian assault mes from a staff officer of Anti-Aircraft Command who has t returned from North Africa. The observations he made Tunisia bring out fresh details on the use of A.-A. guns in er roles, such as in anti-tank or field gunnery, and shed w light on the comparison of the 3·7 with the Germans' mm. flak gun. Much has recently been made of the Germans' "initiative" in using the 88-mm. A.-A. gun against ground targets. Photographs from the Tunisian battlefront show 88's on mobile mountings in the field, and in a Mark VI tank mounting, called the Tiger. Both weapons were used by the Germans in Tunisia, and our own gunners, in the fighting north of Sousse, actually fired this gun—against its former owners—in all roles—A.-A., anti-tank and field. Rommel left this equipment behind, so we had a chance to get first-hand experience of it. The 88-mm. has been referred to as a dual-purpose gun. Its original purpose was A.-A., but the truth is that they were later *forced* to use it against our tanks, and even as a field gun as well. The conclusion is that instead of concentrating more on the production of a heavier anti-tank gun, they modified the 88-mm's to fit them for a distinct purpose. The 88-mm., then, was in use in one sector as an A.-A. gun, and in other sectors as a field weapon. A fine example of the latter is given below

ONE OF THE MANY GERMAN 88-MM. GUNS PUT OUT OF ACTION during the fighting around Bou Arada by the First Army. The original purpose of this gun was to serve as an A.-A. weapon: later it was modified. Towards the end of the Tunisian campaign it was being used as field artillery, as an anti-aircraft weapon, and in the greatly-publicised Tiger tank as a mobile heavy anti-tank weapon

The MOST DIFFICULT FIGHTING COUNTRY in the WORLD

Pictures of the British Army in Burma

There is much news from Burma at the moment. Our recent withdrawal from Buthidaung has again drawn attention to the terrific difficulties under which our troops in the Burmese theatre of war are operating. The pictures reproduced here, therefore, have a special interest in that they emphasize the difficult nature of the jungle country through which the present campaign against the Jap is being waged.

Access into Burma for troops and supplies must be maintained, and new roads have been built by the Army under unimaginable difficulties, and through country which has been described as amongst the worst in the world for military operations. The mountains and forests were first surveyed by military engineers, and small tracks were made: by means of the latter supplies were brought up with the help of coolies and mules. A whole Division was used for digging, uprooting trees and blasting rocks. For this gigantic task they used bulldozers and other up-to-date machinery, which had to be transported to Burma for this one purpose.

The supply of rations and other necessities for those building the road was an achievement in itself. A two-way motor road, through thick forests, jungle, mountains and countless streams, built in less than six months, is an achievement which must be unique in the history of roadmaking.

A UNIQUE ENGINEERING FEAT IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE: British troops working at a difficult stretch of country through mountain and forest to construct a supply route. In this part of the world, the existing roads are merely jungle tracks totally unsuited to modern war conditions

SOME OF THE BURMESE COOLIES EMPLOYED ON ROAD CONSTRUCTION. Men of the Ubduab tribes bathing and washing clothes after a hard day's work in the jungle. Their work is carried out under the supervision of native foremen responsible to British officers

AN INDICATION OF ONE OF THE GREAT DIFFICULTIES FOR ROAD TRANSPORT: A bogged truck being assisted up a muddy slope. The jungle waterways and hills present difficult tasks in decent weather, but they become a virtual "no-man's land" during the rains

A BULLDOZER AT WORK ON THE SUPPLY ROAD, along a small track made by the engineers. Modern equipment had to be taken into Burma to help in the construction work

TROOPS QUEUEING-UP ALONG A STRETCH OF NEWLY-CUT ROAD to draw their lunch rations. Note that some of the men do not abandon their rifles, even at mealtime

THE JEEP IS NOW SERVING ON EVERY ALLIED WAR FRONT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: Here a convoy of them is seen on a winding, hilly road, carrying supplies into the heart of the Burma jungle. The road has been carefully graded and strengthened by British engineers: some of their baulks of timber and supplies of petrol have been left by the roadside. The U.S.-built jeep, as is now well known, can travel anywhere—even where roads are of the most primitive kind!

WHERE A JUNGLE STREAM CROSSES THE NEW ROAD INTO BURMA: British troops are here moving up through densely-wooded country interspersed with mountain streams. The new road at this point leads to a ford which, in the dry weather at least, can be crossed with ease. In the rainy season the crossing might not prove so easy of accomplishment!

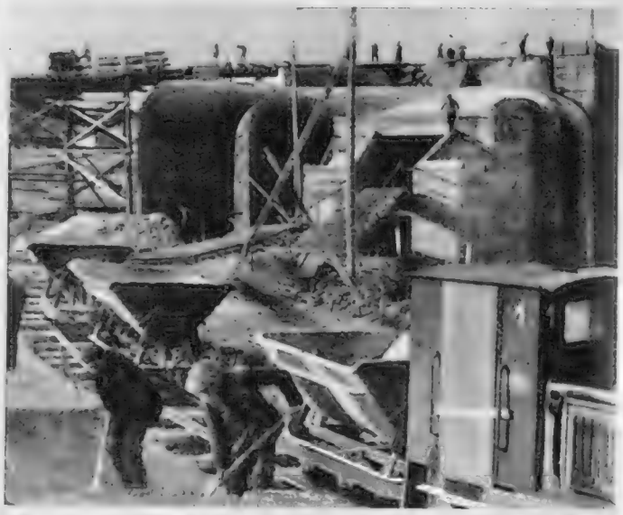
THE OLD PORT OF MARSEILLES BEING "CLEARED" BY THE NAZIS FOR DEFENCE WORKS: The first explosions after the beginning of the demolitions: On January 24 the inhabitants of the Old Port of Marseilles were ordered to evacuate their homes within the hour. As the time given was short and the means of transport few and inefficient, one can imagine the hardships involved for the civil population. People used bicycles and perambulators to carry away some of their belongings, but they had to leave behind their heavier pieces of furniture. Luckily, the demolitions scheduled for the same day had to be postponed, so the people were given permission to go back during the next days for the things they had to leave behind in the first rush. At the beginning of February the explosions started. To-day the Old Port is a scene of desolation. Only a few buildings in that picturesque part have been saved, such as the Church of St. Laurent and one or two other houses. The rest of the area has been cleared for the erection of defence works against a possible Allied invasion

ITALY IS NOW IN A FEVER OF APPREHENSION concerning an Allied invasion of that country. Here is an armoured train in position near the coast: With the fall of Tunisia, invasion "jitters" have now a tight hold on the Italian people, the majority of whom are certain that Allied landings will soon take place in their country. The above picture has just been received in London: it shows an Italian armoured train, equipped with naval guns, which is stated "to have taken up a position near the Italian coast." Some authorities in this country are, however, sceptical of the extent of Italian preparedness up-to-date against the threatened invasion!

THE FEAR OF INVASION GROWS

—New Pictures from Enemy Sources showing how the "West Wall" is Going Up around the Coastline of Europe

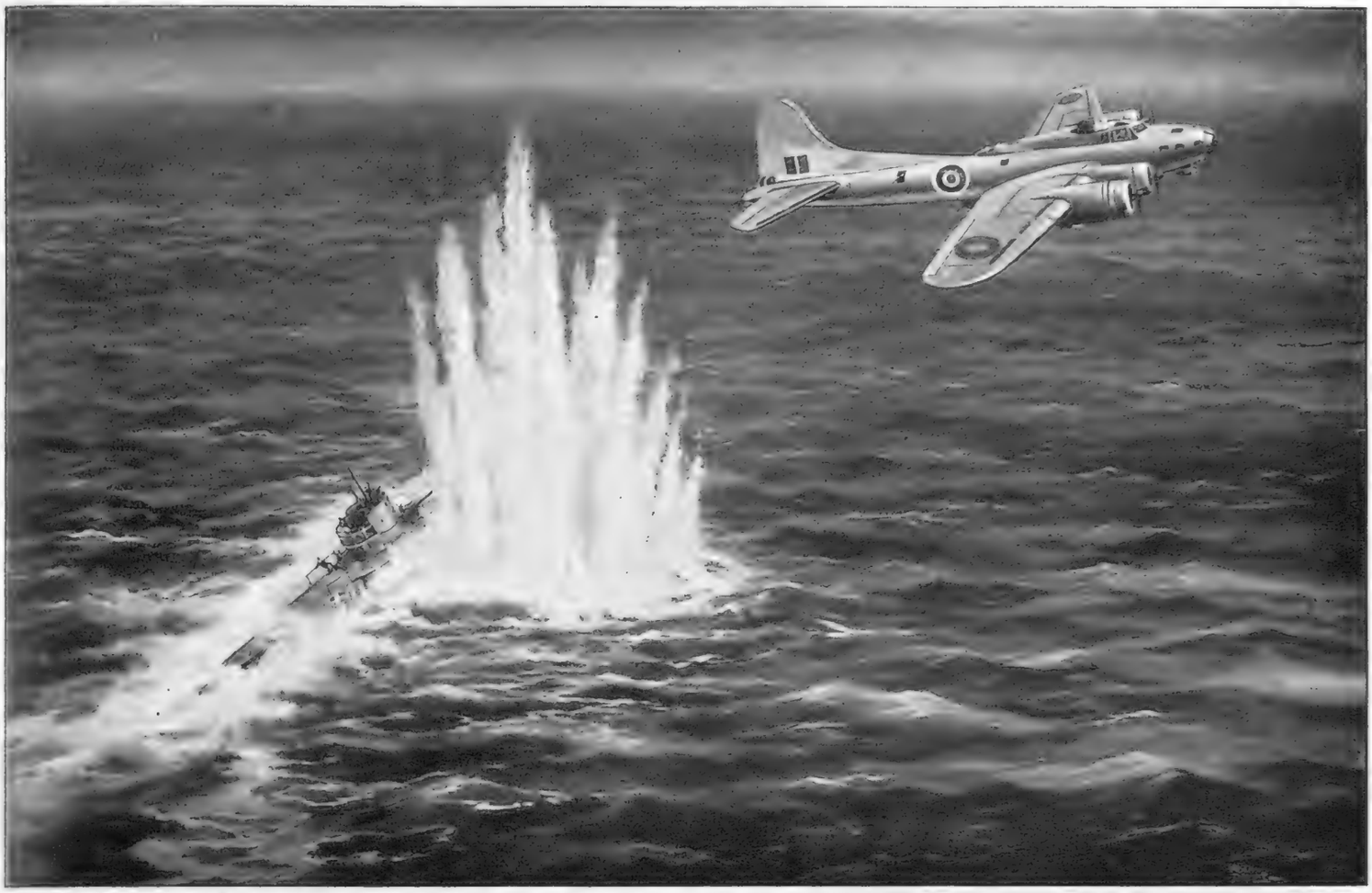
THE FORTIFICATIONS GOING UP HERE ARE STATED TO BE "AT THE FRENCH CHANNEL COAST." For many months past now the Nazis have been working night and day on defences like these



THE "ORGANISATION TODT" AT WORK ON THE "ATLANTIC WALL." Many of the workers employed on this construction work are forced labour from the European conquered territories

A BOMB-PROOF FERRO-CONCRETE WALL, with strong-points at intervals, such as this, is part of the German defence system erected along the Atlantic Coast

"Cliffs have been transformed into communication fortresses by underground galleries," say the Germans: These pictures of the "Atlantic Wall," taken by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda photographers, are being published in the German Press and in the Nazi-controlled French newspapers—no doubt with the object of boosting up the morale of the Axis peoples, who are in fear of invasion by the Allies. The considerable defensive works shown above have been carried out by the Todt Organisation and the Army, in many cases by forced labour



HOW THE R.A.F. HELPS IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE SUBMARINES: A Flying Fortress of Coastal Command attacks a U-boat with depth-charges. As a result, the sea over the submarine was described later as "fizzing like a dose of Eno's"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"L for Leather" is known as the Squadron's lucky aircraft: two days after encountering a U-boat in the Atlantic, and probably destroying or seriously damaging it, the Flying Fortress found another submarine. What happened next is shown in the drawing by Mr. Davies above. There were between seven and ten men on the conning-tower and deck as the aircraft made ready to attack from less than 100 ft. The first depth-charge fell alongside the submarine, shaking it from stem to stern. Fifteen seconds later the U-boat submerged, but reappeared, bow first, at an increasingly steep angle. Before it could reach an even keel the remainder of the depth-charges were doing their work and the tail gunner of the aircraft attacked it with a substantial burst. As the U-boat disappeared beneath an oil patch 100 yards wide, the Fortress crew tried to establish the fate of the men on deck, but the sea was too rough for accurate observation. In the words of one of the crew, the sea over the submarine was "fizzing like a dose of Eno's" as the aircraft turned away to resume its patrol

THE U-BOAT CAMPAIGN

At the Close of Winter

The German people have been encouraged throughout the bleak disasters of the winter with the assurance from their High Command that the U-boats were steadily crushing the Allied effort, by the increasing sinking of the shipping crossing the Atlantic. Consequently, there has been much disappointment at the latest figures announced for April, which give less than half of the tonnage lost in March. Several explanations have been put forth—the extremely bad weather, and the fact that the Allies are using a great number of routes over a wide ocean, making it impossible to guard them all. It was also admitted that the bombing attacks upon U-boat bases had hindered the sending out of the same number of submarines, and that the great success of one month might require the return of many of its boats to their bases for rest and repairs.

Among the Allies, considerable anxiety prevails while preparations are being made to meet the German threat to put 300 U-boats into active operation during the summer months. It is urged that faster boats are needed, stronger escorts and greater air protection. The corvettes which have been promised as special fast boats, to guard the convoys, are not yet ready in sufficient numbers. It is said that the shipping losses are being more than replaced, but when a ship is sunk, not merely the ship is lost, but lives of the seamen and rich cargoes also. The loss of life, however, has been greatly reduced, as many as eighty-seven out of every hundred being saved.

British shipping yards are working at great pressure, and so are the yards of the U.S.A., turning out big merchant ships and smaller auxiliary craft, but according to Rear-Admiral Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, the United States began the war definitely short of ships, and still remained so.

There is considerable argument over the question of the importance of the fast cargo-ship against that of the slower vessel. The fast vessel is undoubtedly safer, being able to slip away from the submarine, but, on the other hand, takes considerably less cargo, owing to its finer line of building and the larger space required for fuel, and needs 50 per cent. more labour in building. It is said that a firm which could, in a year, turn out twenty-four boats of 11 knots, could only turn out ten boats at 15 knots. At the present time, one-third of the new shipping being constructed is being built for speed. Admiral Luetzow, the German naval spokesman, has been very candid over the British naval superiority in the Mediterranean, where he insists that the Allies have all the advantages. The Germans are obliged to keep to the narrow Straits of Sicily; no detours are possible, no mines can be sunk owing to the depth of the water, and, not only that, the Mediterranean is so clear that the U-boats can be detected much more easily.

The "war-wise British," as the Admiral describes his naval opponents, have also put up "a most cleverly handled defence. The position of our attackers can be discovered by day and night by the means of so-called location apparatus."

In fact, the German people were clearly warned, at the end of April, that in the Mediterranean the Allies would probably gain the freedom of passage for which they had been fighting for so long, but that it would bring them no advantage!

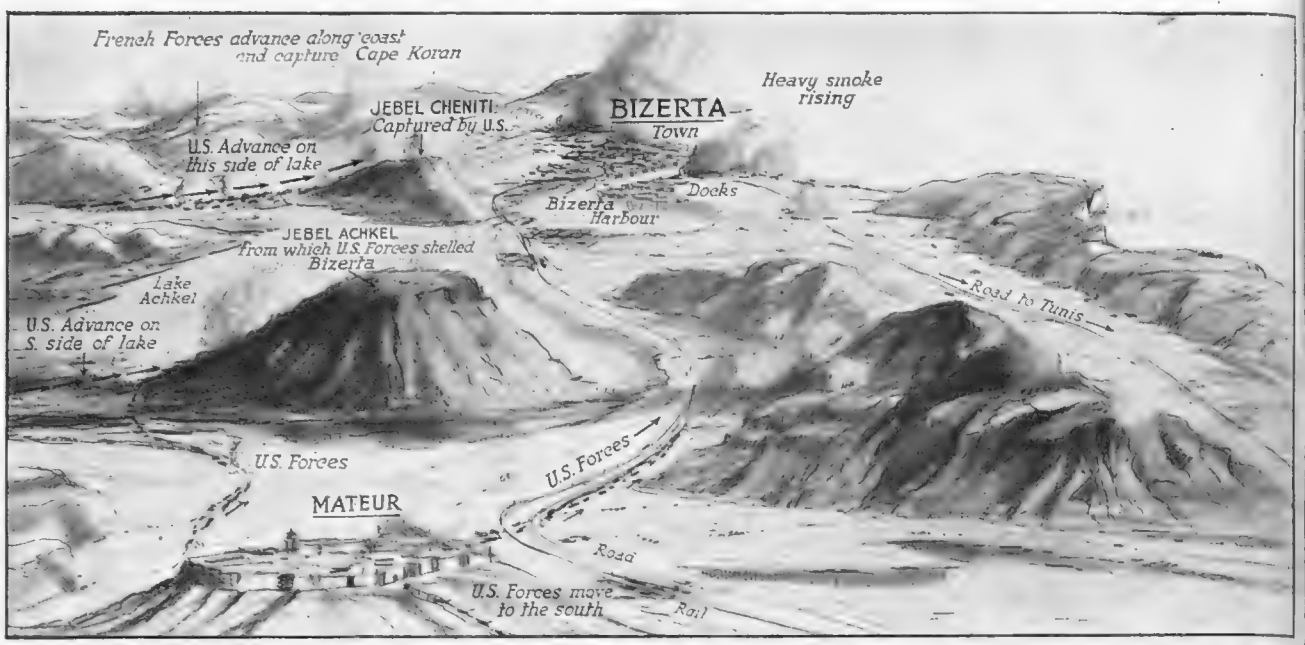
AFTER THE SINKING OF A MERCHANT SHIP: A Lieutenant from H.M.S. "Sapphire" rescues an injured man amid heavy baulks of timber which had floated off the sinking vessel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Lieutenant A. S. C. Harris, R.N.V.R., is First Lieutenant of the naval trawler *Sapphire*: he has just been commended by the C.-in-C., Nore Command, for the feat illustrated in the above drawing. A merchant ship had been torpedoed and most of the survivors had been picked up by a destroyer, but several men were still on the merchantman's deck as she sank. There was a heavy swell, the water was bitterly cold and heavy baulks of timber were being tossed into the sea as the vessel sank. Lieut. Harris decided to go over the side to the rescue of one man with a broken arm who was clinging to a piece of wreckage, too weak to reach out for a line. The Lieutenant reached the man and both were hauled in: the officer wedged himself between the ship's side and the injured man to save him from being dashed against it as both were taken aboard the trawler

C

HOW THE APPROACH TO BIZERTA AND TUNIS WAS MADE

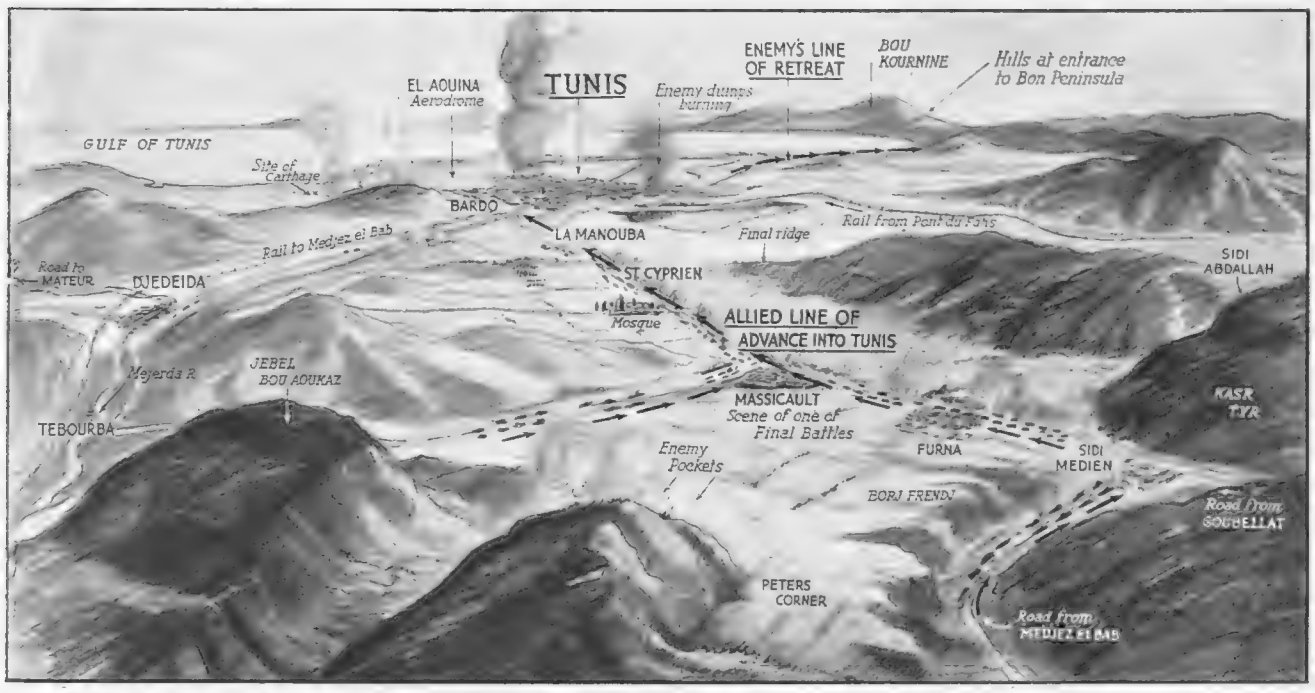
—*Special Sphere diagrams and drawings*



HOW THE WAY WAS PAVED FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE PORT OF BIZERTA: The advance of the U.S. forces by way of Mateur and the Jebel Achkel; from the latter point the Americans were able to shell Bizerta—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See notes at left)

On right—

The leading U.S. reconnaissance company entered Bizerta at 4.15 on the afternoon of Friday, May 7, whilst a few scattered enemy units were still firing their last ammunition. This entry into the important naval base, occupied by the enemy since last November, was not accomplished without some hard fighting. The last major resistance of the Axis infantry had occurred in the Jefna and Sidi Nsir areas on the way to Mateur, a busy market town in peacetime and for long a pivotal point in the enemy's line of defence. During the early days of the month, when the U.S. pressure came nearer, it was sensed that the enemy was about to retire. The American force consequently pressed forward vigorously and occupied the town after some rearguard fighting. The fall of Mateur opened the way into the lower ground below the hill mass on which the previous fighting had taken place. Columns of troops fanned out in several directions. One struck north on the Ferryville road and assisted in clearing the south side of Lake Achkel, on both sides of which final enemy resistance had to be met. Two "Peak battles" had to be fought, one on Jebel Achkel, which towers 1,500 ft. above the lake. Its sides were plastered by U.S. artillery, which did some very efficient work in shelling the hill-sides from advanced positions. At the same time, fighting was proceeding on Jebel Cheniti, which rises above the north-easterly end of the lake. Heavy guns were in operation, but the hill was cleared and roads leading into and out of Bizerta town and base were covered by the U.S. guns. Little resistance remained, the way was open and U.S. tanks, after a final fight with enemy armour and infantry, followed their advanced light units into Bizerta to find a practically deserted city and a wrecked harbour.



THE ENTRY INTO TUNIS, MAY 7. The Allied road to the Tunisian capital lay through Massicault and St. Cyprien over the final ridge to the lower ground round the city. Dense clouds of dust were raised by the tanks, lorries and cars: gunfire was everywhere observed on the flanking hills where enemy pockets still remained: whilst smoke rose from burning enemy dumps in the city—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See notes at right)

On left—

The First Army entered Tunis at 3.40 p.m. on Friday, May 7, after advancing a distance of some 23 miles in 36 hours against stiff resistance. This great event took place (after the forcing of the enemy's position at Massicault, a village or townlet on the road to Tunis from "Peter's Corner." This height was stormed, and a thrust forward through Borj Frendj successfully accomplished, after a massed barrage by 400 guns and intense strafing of enemy lines by the R.A.F. The enemy hastily reinforced a new line in and around Massicault; but this was broken by sheer weight of infantry and armour attack, coupled with intense bombing from the air. This was the last serious battle on this section of the combined assault upon Von Arnim's defence. A general crumpling then became apparent, although enemy gun positions still held out on the hill-sides above the Massicault road as the forces moved forward. A last ridge, 4 miles from the city, was reached, and the way was clear through cornfields and hamlets into the city's suburbs. On the left flank Tebourba had been evacuated, and it was evident that the enemy had made a general retreat towards the Peninsula, guarded by the Bou Kournine heights, famous in classical history.

WHILST THE AXIS FORCES WERE BEING DRIVEN INTO THE BON PENINSULA, the Royal Navy were attacking enemy transports off Cape Bon itself. An enemy transport is here seen torpedoed and sinking, whilst one of the British motor craft speeds to the help of a sister ship which is ablaze under a hot fire from Axis destroyers and bombers—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This drawing illustrates an audacious attack carried out by a detachment of British motor-torpedo-boats along the coast of the Peninsula. The M.T.B.s had stormed right inshore, worked into a creek and at point-blank range attacked two anchored Italian minesweepers. Having dealt with them, a large motor vessel, protected by destroyers and aircraft, was sighted steaming northwards along the coast. Despite the enormously superior armament of the destroyers, the hail of fire from the shore guns and a vicious air bombardment, the attack was pressed home and the motor vessel was hit by torpedoes and sunk. During the action one British M.T.B. was set on fire. After the crew had been rescued, she was sunk by our own guns

THE FIGHT FOR THE "FRIGHTFUL HEIGHT OF THE DJEBEL BOU KOURNINE," which rises above the salt marsh of Kourzia, where the southern wing of the First Army was held up for a time by German anti-tank guns—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE BATTLE FOR THE PEAKS

Which Stood in the Path of the Allied Advance Towards the Cities of Bizerta and Tunis

Just before the collapse of Axis resistance at Bizerta and Tunis, the First Army participated in some of the fiercest fighting of the whole war in the Battle for the Peaks which dominate the Tunisian plain. The Djebel Bou Kournine, shown above, is also depicted in the diagram-drawing given on the left-hand page. It dominates the Kourzia Salt Marsh district: it is quite precipitous, with a sheer-sided face, and lies at the entrance to the Bon Peninsula. The positions gained at the cost of heavy casualties by the First Army were later heavily shelled and attacked by the Germans: although a slight withdrawal had to be made here, our troops later forced their way back to the summit. The Bou Aoukaz (shown below) was also the scene of very heavy fighting. Here the Germans attempted to overrun our positions in an endeavour to isolate the Djebel from the right flank of the First Army. Throughout the whole of one afternoon the summit of Aoukaz was regularly bombed at 15-minute intervals, so that the smoke never cleared away from it for more than a couple of minutes at a time. Heavy losses were incurred by both sides. The final capture of Kournine and Aoukaz allowed the assaults on Bizerta and Tunis to become practicable.

THE FIGHTING ON THE 700-FT. CRAG OF THE DJEBEL BOU AOUKAZ ABOVE THE MEJERDA RIVER. This was the scene of many fierce encounters. A whole series of counter-attacks were made by the Germans to storm the positions held by crack British infantry only 460 yards from the crest, but each was repulsed. This height commanded the plain stretching towards Tunis and was a much-prized vantage point—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

BRINGING DOWN THE WOUNDED

A Scene in the Mountain Country in Central Tunisia, During the Bitter Fighting Which Preceded the Axis Crack-Up on May 5 and 6

—*A Special* Sphere *Drawing by* EDWARD OSMOND

IN THE MOUNTAIN FIGHTING, OUR LOSSES WERE NOT LIGHT. DURING as any yet experienced." This picture by Mr. Osmond shows the wounded bein by all Allied arms which cracke

After the Battle of El Alamein last year, our losses during the pursuit of the fleeing Afrika Korps were comparatively light in killed and wounded. But at the Mareth Line the Eighth Army encountered stiff opposition, and our losses were correspondingly heavy. Not so heavy, however, as during the fighting amongst the hills and ravines of Central Tunisia, which followed the Eighth Army's break-through towards Enfidaville. In the subsequent campaign around Takrouna, and during the First Army's advance towards the rocky hills on the road to Bizerta and Tunis, both sides suffered heavy casualties. At one time, just before the crack-up of the Axis forces on May 5 to 6, and the hasty retreat into the Cape Bon Peninsula, no quarter was asked or given by either side. It was

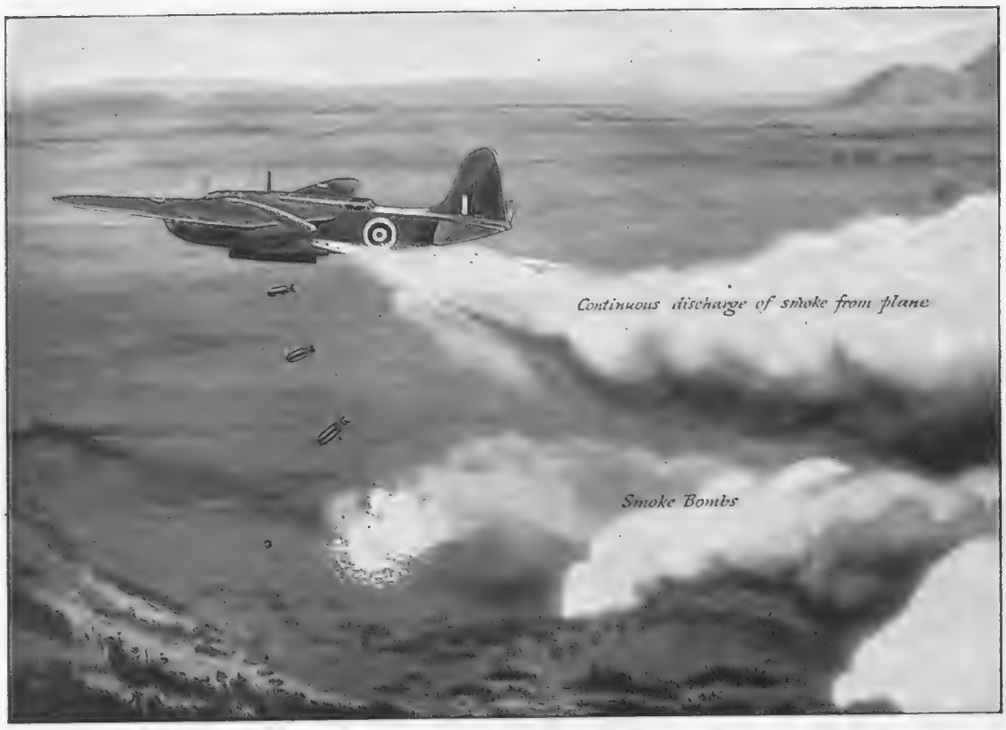
THE LAST SERIOUS STAND BY THE GERMANS NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN BY EITHER SIDE, and an official spokesman described the fighting as being "as bloody ng **brought down the rocky mountain slopes after the attack on a hill fortress in the jumbled country in the heart of Tunisia and just before the combined attack** ed **open the enemy's defences on May 5-6 and paved the way for the total collapse of the Axis in North Africa**

realised by the Germans and Italians that the mountain ramparts protecting the plains around the two great towns had to be held at all costs: it was also realised by the British and American commanders that the enemy resistance must be broken—and broken quickly. In the mountains and gorges and ravines of this inhospitable terrain, the fighting reached a new bitterness—with the added incentive to the First Army that many of them had taken part in the bitter retreat to the Beaches at Dunkirk in 1940! An Allied official spokesman described the fighting in the days immediately preceding the fall of Bizerta and Tunis as being "as bloody as any yet experienced in Tunisia." The two capitals themselves cost us few casualties, as by that time the hard work of the previous few days had thoroughly disorganised the defence and rendered systematic opposition to our advance ineffective. Throughout the fighting which led up to so glorious a victory over Hitler's hand-picked heroes, the work of bringing back the wounded was carried out by the regimental stretcher-bearers and first-aid parties. In the mountain fighting, in particular, they carried out their arduous work magnificently and with a total disregard of the hazardous nature of their task. Apart from the dangers involved, it must have been no easy job to bring the casualties—some of them badly wounded—down the rocky mountain slopes, through tricky gorges and over scrub-covered country. The more seriously injured men were flown back to the base from the Casualty Clearing Stations and back-of-the-line Hospitals

THREE PHASES of the TUNISIAN FIGHTING

Smoke-Screens over the Land; Mortar Fire in Axis Counter-Attacks; Tank versus Tank in the Plains

—Special Diagrams and Drawings



THE USE OF THE SMOKE-SCREEN IN MODERN WARFARE: Aircraft can use two methods (as, also, can the tank): They can drop bombs which spread a big smoke-cloud in any desired direction, or they can discharge a big cloud from the plane itself. This latter will descend very quickly to ground level

IT will have been noticed from accounts of the Tunisian fighting how our tank forces, no less than those of the enemy, have made conspicuous use of smoke-screens, both for offensive and defensive purposes. The methods employed are as interesting as they are sometimes difficult for the layman to understand.

In these battles all arms from the Air Forces to the Infantry use "artificial" smoke. Aircraft drop smoke bombs to hide troop movements or to disconcert the enemy, and they can spray concealing clouds round ground forces or naval concentrations by means of nozzled apparatuses similar to those employed in sky-writing. Artillery throw smoke shells in front of advancing infantry, who can themselves intensify the fog by smoke-fire from mortars.

But the tanks move so quickly that they have their own peculiar methods and tactical intentions. They use either mortars clamped to the side and firing smoke-shells—some of the larger tanks have two of these instruments—or tubes like the sky-writing apparatus of aircraft.

The shells are outwardly little different from ordinary high-explosive missiles, and they similarly explode on contact with the ground, but instead of creating in the air a great explosive disturbance, they instantly disseminate a vast amount of very finely divided solids, which, according to the breeze, produces the neighbouring effect of a cloud or streaming mist. Normally the shells do not fizzle where they lie. Indeed, they are disintegrated by the explosion and the chemicals within are ignited at once; their emission of the smoke is rapid, and the initial "core" of dense vapour is swiftly spread wide.

The smoke-tubes of tanks, on the other hand, produce a continuous stream of artificial fog, analogous to that of sky-writing (but not, it may be noted, to the smoke-producing methods of warships, which generate the smoke in their furnaces). The chemicals used in the tank generators are titanium tetrachloride and white phosphorus, whose ignition by a spark produces those finely-divided solids. The smoke is actually heavier than air, but remains suspended for a considerable period, because its particles are so dispersed.

But why the two kinds of smoke-producer on tanks? The answer is found in the various tactical uses of smoke by such fighting vehicles. They may want, on the one hand, to conceal themselves, and, on the other hand, to blind the enemy.

Supposing a squadron of tanks emerges into an open field and is surprised there by a powerful concealed concentration of enemy tanks and guns. Aware that they have unwittingly fallen into a trap and make a perfect target, the tanks emit smoke at a furious rate, using their tubes for the purpose. Although the very presence of the smoke continues to give their approximate position to the enemy, yet the tanks can no longer be seen individually.

The use of shells from the mortars can be explained by a different illustration. Supposing a force of tanks are attacking a position held by the enemy and wish to outflank that position by a sudden surprise move to one side. The position bristles with dangerous anti-tank guns.

What the tanks do is lob smoke-shells from their mortars to raise a screen of artificial fog in front of the enemy position, under the cover of which they effect their surprise outflanking movement. The enemy anti-tank gunners are prevented by the smoke from seeing which way the tanks go, and so cannot intervene.

D. C.

At least two different smoke-mortars have been used in the present war. One is a muzzle-loading device fastened to the outside of a tank which throws a smoke grenade a distance of 200-300 yards. It has the disadvantage that to fire it a man has to reach outside the tank and drop the smoke grenade or cartridge down the muzzle. It is projected by a shotgun cartridge. The other is a breech-loading 2-in. mortar which fires a small smoke munition for distances up to 700-800 yards. It may be fired from inside the vehicle, the muzzle being pointed through a port. It has proved very satisfactory. In addition to the small weapon, a proportion of tanks may carry a large-calibre mortar for laying smoke-screens. A tank mortar of slightly larger than 4 ins. (rifled) has a 2,000-yards range. One tank in four or five should have the larger calibre

THE DOUBLE USE OF SMOKE BY TANKS: Smoke shells can be thrown right in front of the enemy's formation from the tanks' mortars; at the same time, a complete smoke-screen can be thrown out in front of the tanks by means of tube-containers carried on the fighting vehicles

THE USE OF ARTILLERY FOR THE RAPID CREATION OF A SMOKE-SCREEN. The shells will very quickly build up a dense wall of smoke. By this means the enemy tanks are not only denied a sight of their opponents: it also becomes increasingly dangerous for them to manœuvre for fear of collision with their companions!

—Three drawings by Gordon Forsyth

THE RETURN OF ARMOUR TO THE NORTH AFRICAN BATTLE-ZONE: Tank-to-tank battle in the Goubellat-Pont du Fahs sector, after the First Army had broken through the mountain country. Forty-three out of sixty or seventy enemy tanks were knocked out in this running battle—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

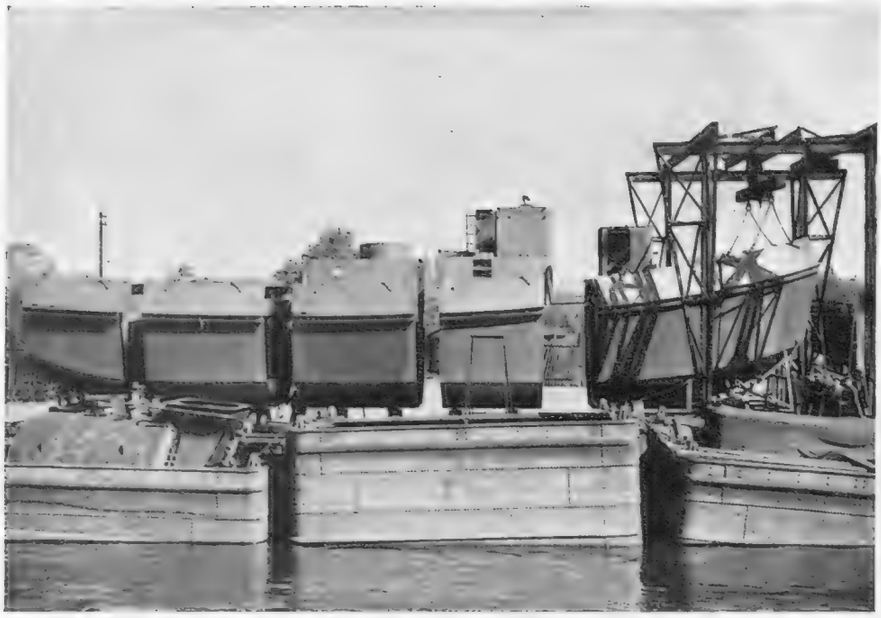
After the great clashes of tank *versus* tank in the Libyan Desert, and the break-through of our armoured forces at El Hamma and through the Gabes Gap, the fighting vehicles found little that they could do until the great mountain ranges had been tackled by our infantry and won. Then, in the Goubellat-Pont du Fahs sector of the First Army, the tanks were again unleashed and took part in a battle "of a type one has learned to regard as old-fashioned," when tank met tank in direct combat. This action took place after the capture of a series of key heights which brought the entire Goubellat Plain under our control. The road in the foreground leads from Goubellat town: on the extreme right is the great Jebel Zaghouan; on the extreme left is the small Arab village of Jemal, behind which (in the far distance) is a ruined Roman aqueduct. Our tanks were successful in bringing what must have been a large proportion of the enemy's remaining tank strength into action. In the running battle which ensued our armour so severely handled the Axis tanks that practically two-thirds of the Panzer force engaged were knocked out—some forty-three tanks of out about sixty or seventy.

THE GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACKS IN THE BATTLE FOR THE PEAKS: This nearly always took the form of a vicious onslaught by German mortar batteries which temporarily forced back the advancing Allies. The mortar, in fact, played a very considerable part in the fighting in the mountain districts—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

As far back as El Alamein the Germans were making effective use of mortar batteries. In the bitter mountain fighting in Tunisia, they employed the mortar once again, and to great effect. When British or American troops succeeded in capturing one of the strategic heights in the confused and jumbled mass of hills, the mortar fire of the Germans would become intense and withering. Men have frequently gained their objectives only to be driven back by a hail of mortar bombs, from single-and multiple-barrelled pieces. Not that the First Army or the Americans were short of these weapons: but the Germans were frequently able to bring a heavier concentration to bear. The mortar, at close range, can be used with howitzer-like deadliness; and the mountain country of Central Tunisia was ideal for its employment. The scene depicted by our artist (typical of many such encounters before the collapse of the Axis and the capture of Tunis and Bizerta) took place during the fighting along the approaches to the town of Tebourba, just after the men of the First Army had captured a series of hills and were sustaining a determined counter-attack by the Germans

BRITAIN'S PRE-FABRICATED TUGS

The Parts of which are Built 100 Miles Inland, and then Assembled at a Shipyard 40 Miles from the Sea



THE PRE-FABRICATED SECTIONS OF THE TUG ARRIVE IN PONTOONS: They are lifted out on to the quayside in this fashion ready for welding by women shipyard workers

THE TUGS ARRIVE FROM VARIOUS WORKS all over the country in sections like this, to be assembled and welded at an inland port nearly 40 miles from the sea

A completely new method of ship construction in this country is now being used in the building of small tugs for the Admiralty at shipyards in the north-east of England. At this spot pre-fabricated parts, or whole slices of the vessel, built miles apart, are assembled nearly 40 miles from the sea. The parts come from distances of 100 miles in sections for welding—a task in which girl workers play a large part. The whole job—from the reception of the sections to the launch of the completed vessel—is carried out in four days

AFTER COMPLETION AND LAUNCHING: Two types of pre-fabricated tugs being fitted out. These vessels are 70 ft. long, have engines developing 220 i.h.p., and a maximum speed of about seven or eight knots

A GIRL WELDER, Miss Cassandra Taylor, formerly a shop assistant—one of the many women now engaged in the building of the tugs

WITH A TREMENDOUS SPLASH, ONE OF THE NEW TUGS IS LAUNCHED SIDEWAYS INTO THE RIVER four days after the various sections had arrived for assembly at a north-east shipyard

The mass production of ships, started some time ago in this country, has now been applied with success to the building of tugs for the Admiralty. These craft—little ships which are doing a big job—are now being built in separate sections at a number of factories and afterwards joined together in the shipyards. The entire cycle of operations, from the receiving of the units at the assembly berth to the launching of the vessel, is carried out in four days. Women welders work alongside men at this intricate job of shipyard "surgery."

The tugs are each 70 ft. long, with steam reciprocating engines developing about 220 i.h.p. and a maximum speed of about 7 or 8 knots. Two models were decided upon and trials were then made in an experimental tank. Before the work was put in hand it was decided that the maximum constructional tasks should be done away from the shipyards. At first the work was split up amongst four contractors, but soon thirteen contractors, each taking one or more 10-ft. units, were engaged on the work.

The tug was divided into eight sections cut right across the ship. To avoid confusion, each of these sections was called a "unit." The maximum size of each was 10 ft. long, 17 ft. broad and 13 ft. deep—the latter being the dimension to the top of the boiler casing. The maximum weight was six tons. These units, although too large for rail transport, are actually being transported by lorry.

When a complete set of units is received, each section is placed in such fashion that jacks can be raised to bring it into the correct position for welding. The engines and boilers are installed after the launching. Many of the sections are complete in every respect: for example, the wheel-house unit is fitted out by the pre-fabrication contractors, even with its canvas awning, dodgers and seat for the steersman!

THE NEW AMERICAN P47, KNOWN AS THE THUNDERBOLT, a high-altitude and very fast fighter now being operated by U.S. pilots. This picture well emphasises the fat body lines of the new aircraft, the huge radial engine and the four-bladed propeller

THE COMING OF THE THUNDERBOLT

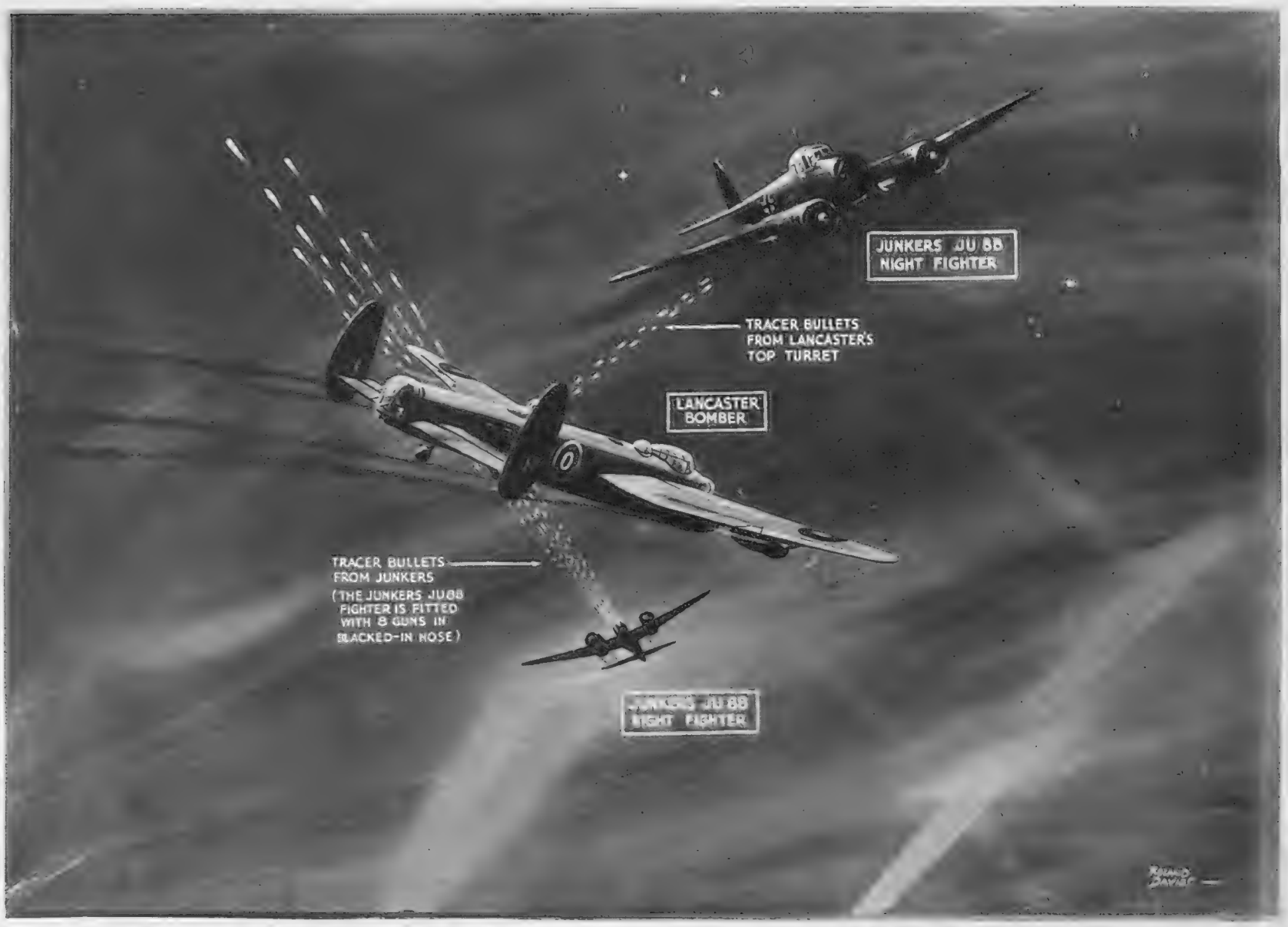
The Crack American Fighter Plane Now in Quantity Production for the U.S. Army Air Force, and in Operation Over Europe

THUNDERBOLTS IN FORMATION FLIGHT FROM THEIR ENGLISH BASE. They can operate up to a height of 40,000 ft. and at a speed somewhere in the region of 400 m.p.h.

AT THE TAKE-OFF—the very widely separated wheels are just being retracted, and the great depth of fuselage is well emphasised

THE GUNS OF THE THUNDERBOLT. There are eight of these, four in each wing. They are set parallel to the line of flight, and in line abreast. The length of each protruding gun-barrel diminishes towards the wing-tip

The Thunderbolt is the American aircraft which, last November, was dived at a speed of 725 m.p.h.—almost the speed of sound (740 m.p.h.). It is a single-engined aircraft which has been designed as a high-altitude heavy fighter, with a speed of over 400 m.p.h. Already it has claimed victims from the *Luftwaffe* whilst engaged on operational flights over enemy-occupied territory in Europe. Its flying range (as apart from operational range) is 1,000 miles: it is capable of flight at the tremendous height of 40,000 ft., or over seven miles. As originally brought out, it was armed with eight ·5-calibre machine-guns, firing at a rate of 6,400 rounds a minute, or more than 100 a second. The weight of lead fired in a second at this rate equals that of about twenty machine-guns of the ·303 calibre. The Thunderbolt is big and rather heavy: it weighs 13,500 lb., or just over six tons. Its engine is a Pratt and Whitney 2,000 h.p. radial. When being tested last November Lieut. Compstock began a power dive at 36,000 ft.—one of the most exciting in aviation history. He dived for 17,000 ft. before he could pull out, but the aircraft gave no signs of wing flutter. Experts later calculated that his speed must have reached the terrific figure of 725 m.p.h.



ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BOMBING AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD TO-DAY: A British Lancaster (four-engined heavy bomber) takes on two Junkers 88 night-fighters—and, later, an Me. 109—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Sergeant Douglas P. Oliver is twenty-two: before the war he was an antique dealer. He has shot down two enemy fighters, damaged a third and won the D.F.M. The last-mentioned was awarded for shooting down a Ju. 88 last December, when his aircraft had a series of running combats with night-fighters whilst on its way to bomb Frankfurt. The two Junkers 88's (as shown in the above drawing) made six separate attacks when Sergeant Oliver's Lancaster was approaching the target. On its way home another fighter attacked. His burst set the German aircraft ablaze, and it went down in flames. His second fighter was brought down and a third was damaged when he was returning from an attack on Germany one night in April. The Ju. 88 fighter encountered by the Lancaster differs from the Ju. 88 bomber mainly by carrying eight fixed guns in its blacked-in nose. The success of the big four-engined bomber against the more manœuvrable fighter is proof of its sound construction and of the effectiveness of its defensive armament.

THE WAR BY AIR

The Fighting Lancaster and the Sea-taxying Walrus

Special Sphere drawings and diagrams

WHAT THE LANCASTER IS —AND WHAT IT CAN DO

At the top of the tree in the heavy-bomber department is the Avro Lancaster, which seems destined to be the classic four-engine bomber. Despite the huge discrepancy in size and function, more than a few parallels can be drawn between the Lancaster and the Mosquito.

Both are the products of firms almost as old as flying itself; both are being built in Canada, and, incredibly enough, the Lancaster has also done its share of hedge-hopping daylight raids. A fantastic formation of ninety-four Lancasters bombed Le Creusot Schneider works on the afternoon of October 17, 1942. Since each bomber disposes of at least 5000 h.p., the combined roar of some 480,000 h.p. must have been nearly as devastating as their 600 tons of bombs. A 1,300 mile trip to Milan and back was another trans-Alpine daylight flip of the Lancasters. This 102 ft. wing span plane scales nearly thirty-two tons at its maximum overload. It is not hard to imagine, in the days of peace, descendants from the same stables which will demonstrate the same superiority on the world's air-lines as the Lancaster and Mosquito do now.

There is much more to a successful aircraft design than the mere development of a machine with the requisite size and speed. The Lancaster has become the standard R.A.F. bomber of its type, not only because of its merits in the air, but because it fits admirably into our industrial background. Only 10 per cent. of the men who work on them are skilled tradesmen, the balance are wartime trainees, nearly half the total workers being women. Of its 50,000 odd components, a very high proportion are "farmed out" to firms not previously on aircraft work at all.

"Man-hours" are much heard of to-day. It has been said that our Lancasters are built in exactly one-third the number of man-hours American experts thought possible for a machine of this size. What that means in terms of the quantity output the Allies need can easily be imagined. It will be a long time before we hear the last of the Lancasters.

A HURRICANE FIGHTER ON ITS CATAPULT MOUNTING in the bows of an Allied supply vessel—a picture taken recently in a North African port. The Hurricane is launched into the air if enemy bombers attempt to attack merchantmen in convoy at sea

On right—The R.A.F. is now providing protection on every sea route from England to the battle zones of Europe and Africa. Long-range aircraft keep up constant patrols from coastal bases from Iceland down to the Mediterranean. As additional protection, the R.A.F. has also provided merchant vessels with their own fighters: these aircraft are catapulted from the decks of merchant ships to meet enemy attacks from the sea. After leaving the vessel, if the pilot cannot reach a shore base after action with the enemy, he parachutes out of his fighter and tries to come down in the sea near his own ship to be picked up by launch or lifeboat

WHY MESSINA IS BEING ATTACKED

Recently Allied communiqués from the Mediterranean area have contained frequent references to the bombing of Messina and its harbour on the island of Sicily. The reason is not far to seek. Messina is one of the vital links connecting the Italian mainland with Sicily: during the campaign against Tunis and Bizerta it was used for the reinforcement and supply of the Afrika Korps. Troops were conveyed by ferry from Reggio to the Island and then transferred to the North African coast. Consequently, the Ferry terminus and the Harbour installations were bombed repeatedly, and, presumably to good effect.

Between the toe of Italy, from Reggio to Messina, the Straits are only a few miles wide. In addition, there is a sea route from Messina to Naples, principal naval base of the Italian Fleet. Dislocation of this traffic and the destruction of the harbour facilities, obviously, means a dislocation of Italy's capacity to wage war.

ATTACKING THE ENEMY'S COMMUNICATIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: The bombing of Messina Harbour, which links Sicily with Naples, and with the toe of Italy and the rail connections on the Italian mainland—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Messina itself is regarded as one of the best harbours in Europe, although, of course, it is liable to volcanic disturbances, as in the great earthquake of 1908, when the city was utterly destroyed and 77,000 people lost their lives. To-day, it has a population of some 150,000 inhabitants. From North Africa and from Malta, bombers have been flying out to the attack. Inaccessible to attack from the sea, owing to the strength of the surrounding shore batteries, it is, nevertheless, very vulnerable to attack from the air. Flying-Fortresses, operated by U.S. crews, and Wellington bombers have figured in these attacks. The drawing above shows the location of the town and its harbour, backed up by ranges of mountains, of which Mount Etna is the chief.

AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT IN THE WAR BY SEA: A Walrus amphibian aircraft, of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, taxis for 50 miles before reaching the South Cornwall coast after having picked up a pilot who had been eight days in a dinghy—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After landing on the sea in the moonlight to pick up a Canadian sergeant-pilot who had been eight days in his dinghy, the pilot of an Air-Sea Rescue Walrus found that he could not take off again, and had to taxi back on the water for a distance of 50 miles! He had taken off just before dusk: as he drew near the spot where the dinghy had been reported he saw Beaufighters circling. They dropped flares so that the Walrus pilot could see, and the latter put his aircraft down quite near the dinghy. The sergeant-pilot was got aboard, but when the Walrus tried to take off it was found that the engines would not give sufficient power. (Later this was found to be due to a fractured cylinder.) Over the radio telephone the circling Beaufighters were informed, and the Walrus pilot then set out to taxi back for 50 miles. "I very soon found," said the pilot, "that if I taxied too fast we shipped water, whereas if I went too slowly I couldn't keep on my course because there wasn't enough slipstream to affect the tail unit. However, I somehow managed to strike a happy medium and we got along pretty well, though one very nasty moment was when a heavy sea partly broke our tail. We had begun our 50 miles 'taxi' at ten o'clock. At three o'clock next morning we sighted land, but I was not certain where it was. We taxied as near as we could and then fired several Very lights which showed me a nice sandy beach, so I put my wheels down and drove ashore. As I didn't know whether we were on a mined beach or not, I stopped at the edge of the water until help came from someone who knew the spot. Actually, the Walrus had been taxied on to a beach on the South Cornwall coast."

How the WAR GRAVES are TENDED

The Work of the Imperial War Graves Commission, Begun in 1917, Still Goes on. By CHARLES GRAVES

NOW that the Axis has been forced out of North Africa, the Graves Registration Units will be very busy classifying and checking the wooden crosses of the troops who have fallen in action. These Units work in close touch with the Army Casualty Branch, and it is their business to register the dead and buried, find the graves of those who are reported to have been killed in action, verify the details, superintend burial, and arrange for cemetery upkeep.

Already in Abyssinia and Eritrea, in Egypt and the Western Desert, there are orderly cemeteries well tended on sacred ground. There is an Australian cemetery and memorial at Tobruk and a South African cemetery at Sidi Rezegh. At El Alamein there is a newer burial-ground, a stone-walled plot near the coast road.

These Graves Registration Units do not confine themselves to work at the base. They go up with the troops, often under fire, identifying, marking hurried burials, superintending removal to a central cemetery, and making a note of those lonely graves where men were buried where they fell—perhaps just a small mound on which is placed a bayonet or a crude cross, a steel helmet and a pencilled name. Often they may have to go miles into the blue because of casualties to some far-ranging patrol or crashed aircraft.

The officers and men of these Field Units carry weapons. In the last war they were unarmed. The change is, of course, due to the extreme mobility of modern warfare.

It was the Duke of Windsor in 1917 who officially sponsored the movement out of which has arisen the Imperial War Graves Commission. In 1917 he addressed a Minute to the Imperial War Conference enclosing a memorandum by Sir Fabian Ware, the Director-General of Graves Registration and Enquiries. The terms of the Minute were approved, and in this way Great Britain became the first nation to lay down the rule that the care and honouring of the dead is part of the soldier's duty. Six months later the Germans imitated us, and the Geneva Convention now includes compulsory graves registration in all armies.

It was not until 1939, however, that full agreement on the reciprocal care of war graves was reached between the Imperial War Graves Commission and the head of the German War Graves Service. We are carrying out our part of the undertaking, and the German organisation is believed to be doing the same. No recent news of the British cemeteries of the war of 1914-18 in Germany is available, but we have evidence that they are still in being, and to judge by German behaviour in the Middle East, they are sticking to the agreement.

Frequently a cross with the words: "Unknown British soldier," has been found in the desert; in which event the Graves Registration Units have to identify the body. It so happens that when I was out in France in April 1940 I saw the graves and wooden crosses of the first two British troops actually killed on active service on the Western Front—Corporal Priday (December 10, 1939) and Corporal McGillycuddy (December 23, 1939). They were in a cemetery near Charly, a few miles from Metz. Firs and pines and weeping willows provided a peaceful background.

A quarter of a mile away I saw the first mixed French and English military cemetery which included the graves of a Guardsman and three privates in line regiments, together with thirty-three French soldiers. Another 100 yards away was the first purely British military cemetery. This included Lancashire Fusiliers and men from the Gloucesters. Yet another 100 yards along were the graves of half-a-dozen Germans, over whom a Church of England English burial service had been read. German patrols at that time wore identity discs giving only their initials and their Army class. So it was not possible to put their names on the crosses.

It was at Arras that I met an English ex-Serviceman who was on the staff of the Imperial War Graves Commission. He was one of 212 employees in France and Belgium. Many of his colleagues were later interned. Some, however, were allowed to continue their job of tending the cemeteries.

In France and Belgium nearly 750,000 dead have been commemorated by the Imperial War Graves Commission. In addition, there are 150,000 graves containing unidentified dead. In this war, of course, most of our casualties have been in Africa, though Crete and Greece and France contain many graves. Even in this country, no fewer than 32,000 wooden crosses have been erected. They are to be found in 3,500 cemeteries, of which Brookwood Military Cemetery is the largest. Here are large plots of British, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand graves of both wars, and an extension for the use of the Royal Air Force. No visitor to the cemetery can fail to be struck by its significance as a monument to the brotherhood of the British Commonwealth. When the war is over, the wooden crosses will be taken down and in their place headstones will be erected.

Each headstone which takes the place of the wooden cross stands 2 ft. 8 in. above the ground, is 1 ft. 3 in. broad, and 3 in. thick. It bears, in addition to the badge and cross or other appropriate religious emblem, the name, rank, unit, date of death, and age. At the foot is a personal inscription chosen by the relatives. Relatives, it must be pointed out, have the precious privilege of being allowed to have the body removed to any part of the country for interment as long as the death has taken place in this country. To enable them to do this, a monetary grant and facilities for transportation are provided. These facilities cannot, of course, be granted for members of the armed services who have died or been killed overseas. The stone selected is either Portland or Hoptonwood.

Overseas, campaigns and battlefields have a habit of occurring in the same area. Thus it is that troops killed in Syria, for example, have been buried in an extension of last-war cemeteries near Damascus, among other places. Equally, troops killed in Egypt have been buried in extensions of cemeteries at Heliopolis, Alexandria, and Ismailia.

Here are a few of the latest reports of Army burial-grounds all over the world:

Australia.—The graves of the present war are being marked with temporary memorials of standard design. They are sown with grass and suitably maintained.

Belgium.—Reports of burials of the present war in Belgium were received periodically during the year by the Directorate of Graves Registration and Enquiries through the International Red Cross at Geneva. The Commission continue to mark Belgian graves of the present war in this country with their standard wooden crosses. Each cross bears on the shaft a small emblem in the Belgian national colours.

Bulgaria and Rumania.—Before leaving Thessaloniki at the time of the German invasion of Greece, arrangements were made by Major Menzies for the upkeep of the graves through the American Legation in Sofia. The Swiss Government took charge of British interests after Pearl Harbour.

Denmark.—Satisfactory reports on the graves were obtained from the local clergy. The graves of a small number of Danish seamen who have lost their lives while serving with the British Merchant Navy have been marked.

Egypt.—The thousands of visitors to the cemeteries find a fine display of flowers all the year round. New burials take place in all the cemeteries of the last war. At Tel el Kebir the 1882 cemetery is flanked by the 1914-18 plot and the present war section.

Falkland Islands.—The graves of four naval ratings from H.M.S. *Exeter*, who lost their lives in December, 1939, are marked with wooden crosses.

France.—The Vichy Government issued instructions to the Communes that the same standard of upkeep should be applied to British as to French war graves of the late war, and the German War Graves Service has approved the continued care of British cemeteries and memorials.

Gallipoli.—The work and maintenance in the cemeteries continues without inerruption.

Germany.—No recent news of the British cemeteries of the war of 1914-18 in Germany is available. Information regarding British graves of the present war in Germany continues to arrive through the International Red Cross at Geneva. German graves in this country have been marked by crosses similar to those erected on British graves.

Greece.—The work of marking the present war graves in Greece was initiated by the German Army and continued by the Italian military authorities.

Iraq.—During the insurrection in June, 1941, a thousand headstones were uprooted or smashed by rebel troops. After order was restored, immediate compensation was demanded and given.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY: A WAR CEMETERY NEAR TOBRUK, where lie the graves of those British and Imperial soldiers who gave their lives in the defence of that Libyan stronghold, and thus made possible the subsequent advance of the Eighth Army. Each grave bears its own carpentered cross, and each has been enclosed to resist the encroaches of the desert sand

Italy.—Count Memmo has transmitted satisfactory information regarding British burials of the present war in Italy.

Malta.—Little damage has been done to headstones and memorials by air raids.

Netherlands.—Information about British burials has been received through the International Red Cross. This also applies to Norway.

Palestine.—In all the cemeteries of the war of 1914-21, new war burials have been carried out and the graves marked by standard wooden crosses. Considerable progress has been made in setting hedges and shrubs and planting and flowers.

Poland.—No news of the 156 British graves of the last war at Poznan is available.

In addition to the 32,000 deaths which have occurred in the armed forces of the Crown since the outbreak of war in this country, over 41,000 civilians were killed in the first few months of the blitz. Their names have all been printed on vellum and bound in leather. These include the names of civilians killed in Malta, and are now in the precincts of Westminster Abbey. When the war is over they will be moved, together with the names of future civilian casualties, to the Warrior's Chapel, and thus "brought into fellowship with the Unknown Soldier." Major-Gen. Sir Fabian Ware hopes that their names will be placed in a special case under a lamp, with one page turning over automatically every day. It will probably take half a century before the whole list of names has been exhausted.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE ENTRY INTO TUNIS, MAY 7, 1943

British Official Photographs of An Historic Event

GENERAL ALEXANDER IS IN AT "THE KILL." With Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, the C.-in-C. enters Tunis after the town had been captured by the British and American forces under his command

The Allied troops come riding in on their Bren-gun carriers and tanks. The streets were lined with the townspeople, who gave a terrific reception to their battle-stained liberators

ie civilian population pouring into the streets to welcome our troops. As the lorries and tanks came up to the outskirts of the town, excited townsfolk clambered up on them to greet the Allied soldiers

Marching off into captivity. Through the streets of Tunis parade the cheerful German and Italian prisoners, escorted by equally cheerful French policemen. Thousands marched off like this—glad to be out of the war!

These are the members of a complete German band which played lively airs for their fellow-prisoners in one of the compounds. They were given permission to retain their instruments

A very few of the vast numbers of Axis prisoners taken in Tunisia. Compounds were hurriedly prepared to take care of the tens of thousands who kept coming in hour after hour

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

THE Country Gentleman — New Style. — Mr. Potts is a fair example of the new style country squire, who made his presence felt in the countryside of England in the years between wars.

His presence and activities have not been an unmixed blessing to the rural community among whom he settled.

"Settled" is not perhaps the *mot juste*. He is not the type that settles anywhere. His *raison d'être* is not to gather moss. Mr. Potts was a London "realtor" (as the Americans say). In the years of boom in London property, he gambled successfully and made big money by the traffic in sites and blocks in London suburbs. And then he turned his attention to the country. At the back of his mind was the notion of combining business with pleasure, social progress with further profits.

He thought he would qualify for the "Landed Gentry" class, while pursuing his profession of realtor.

He bought the large, straggling mansion house of Glayde's and its 3,000 acres of farmland and woodland. He "settled down" in a corner of the house, with his faded, anxious wife; continued to "daily-bread" to his London estate office four days a week, and "commenced Squire" on the remaining days of the week. He took up shooting, and thought he would rear pheasants. He employed a couple of keepers and invited some of his neighbours. Few of them showed the courage necessary to face a second adventure without entrenching tools, and when Mr. Potts discovered that tame pheasants required to be fed and that grain cost money, he dismissed his keepers and stuck to business.

After a couple of years of his ownership of Glayde's a great change had been wrought in the face of the countryside.

The fine woods had been ruthlessly cut down and all the best timber was carried away. The rubbish and the weaklings bowed and trailed over the desert area of destruction, and there was no replanting or replanning.

All the pretty or period cottages which formerly housed rural workers had been converted into 'villas—week-end retreats for stock-brokers and realtors—and their newly-installed gnomes and glass-balls and crazy pavements grinned and winked and glared at you from every angle.

Such farmland as had any development possibilities or road frontages he turned over to local speculators for development, and signs and hoardings, indicating "progress," sprang up everywhere. He roped in one or two local architects, who were willing enough to further his plans for development on a basis of façade and economy, showmanship with shoddy.

He tried farming himself, took one of his farms in hand; and launched out into piggeries on a factory basis. They did not pay their way and the vast piggeries remained an eyesore, and a proof of failure, writ on the landscape.

Real estate slumped in London and Mr. Potts suffered a financial setback. On his country estate he cut down everywhere; cheeseparing was carried to a fine art. He disposed of bits and pieces wherever he could get a tolerable price from any invader of the countryside.

But he could not make up his mind to a root-and-branch evacuation.

He Fails . . . — He clung to his hopes of a new turn for the better, and refused reasonable offers for the whole property, which he had devastated by pilfering and cheeseparing. The big house was shabby enough now, and he and the still more faded Mrs. Potts lived on in two or three rooms of it, dispensing stimulants to any business visitor, who might still be tempted to negotiate, from a carefully locked spirits-cabinet. But even with his smaller "lots" the old spirit of avarice and maximum profit lost him many good offers of relief.

Mr. Potts had failed as a landlord, as a squire, as a country gentleman, even as a realtor.

He had battered the countryside, but the countryside had beaten him, and he was down and almost out to the count of ten when the Second World War came.

He was not well fitted for country life. He did not appreciate that the "landed gentry" is a *noblesse* and carries responsibilities as well as privileges, and, these days, more, far more, of the former. The hard-pressed squires of the older tradition who remained in his neighbourhood, and their properties, somehow fared better than he and his, on a much narrower income and lacking his commercial acumen, and they kept the respect of their neighbours, which Mr. Potts never began to win.

Why was this? Was Pan his enemy, and had he underrated his opponent? *Mr. Potts versus Pan*—there *is* that consolation. Pan usually has the last laugh over his despoilers, and—what is for comfort—he gets that laugh in pretty quick. Mr. Potts's piggeries already have the air (at a distance) of a picturesque ruin, and time and bracken and loosestrife have gentled many of the scars he slashed on the land.

. . . And is Saved.—But the Second World War saved him from ruin. It is the prime imbecility of war that it always takes the best—the leaders of the future—and leaves the third-rate and the weaklings and the slick.

Mr. Potts played no active part in the war. He had crooked feet and a weak heart, or weak feet and a crooked heart (I forget which), or his glands were not as they should be; and so he was spared to big business. Glayde's was taken over by an insurance company from London (who shrewdly knew the value of insurance against bombing), and farming began to pay its way, and the price of even second-grade timber went higher and higher, and the demand for houses or cottages in any sort of rottenness became most satisfactory. So Mr. Potts will probably be spared to play his part in building another new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. No doubt he is canvassing election to the Rural District Council, with an eye to future big business among the more commercially approachable and seducible councillors.

The countryside and agriculture have once more been promised a New Charter, a charter to run *beyond* the time of danger, crisis and war. One article of that charter should be that henceforth Country Life shall be ranked (with doctoring or the law or accountancy) as a "higher profession," a skilled profession, demanding a period of novitiate, "articles," qualifying examinations. A man cannot set up his plate and begin to treat patients in sickness until he has walked the hospitals, nor cast up company accounts until he has passed a stiffish test.

You can only be a stockbroker or a country squire without any sort of novitiate and apprenticeship. That is hard on widows and orphans, and on England's once green and pleasant land. And it is high time that something be done about it.

THE WIVES OF OUR FIGHTING COMMANDERS

LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER, wife of General Sir Harold Alexander, victor of Libya and Tunisia, with her three children at their home in Windsor Forest. The children are Shane, Brian and Rose Alexander

THE WIFE OF GENERAL ANDERSON TAKES ON A FULL-TIME WAR JOB. Mrs. Kathleen Anderson has just become Assistant to the Commandant of a Red Cross hospital at Moyns Park in Essex: she has been taking a short rest at her home in Cambridgeshire (where this picture was taken) before assuming her new responsibilities. Her daughter Bridget has just been commissioned in the A.T.S. and has been posted to an anti-aircraft battery near London. Mrs. Anderson is a daughter of the late Sir Richard Gamble

LADY CONINGHAM AT THE VICTORIA LEAGUE CLUB: The wife of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham (who commands the Tactical Air Force in North Africa) celebrated the Tunisian victory by carrying on as usual with her work at the Victoria League Club for Empire Servicemen in Vauxhall Bridge Road, London. She gives her whole time to the Club, helping to arrange hospitality, planning sight-seeing tours, distributing theatre tickets, and generally trying to make these men from all over the Empire feel at home in Britain. Here she is seen with a group of them waiting to have their all-day travel tickets punched: prominent on her desk is a portrait of her husband

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Jackie, aged 8; father in hospital with ulcerated ulcer, mother at home with advanced carcinoma but could go into hospital if child were provided for. What would become of such children were it not for homes such as these? Please support this work. Address gift 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

LAUNCH 2586, of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, is hauled ashore on a special cradle for a final and thorough inspection at its base

High-speed Launch 2586 was built for the Air-Sea Rescue Service. Her purpose—like all of her class—is to save the lives of airmen brought down over the sea. She was built at a Thames-side shipyard. Sixty-seven ft. long, she is powered by 3,500-h.p. Napier Sea Lion engines, driving three screws, which give her a speed of 30 knots. Ten men form her crew—one of them being an R.A.F. officer. She has a sick-bay, gun turrets and sleeping quarters.

After final tests and fitting-up, Launch 2586 went to an operational base to start her work. The Air-Sea Rescue Service works with the Navy. When a distress call is picked up, the Flying Control Officer details a search aircraft to seek the stranded airman: at the same time a rescue launch speeds to the point given in the S O S. The aircraft sights the distressed airman and communicates with the launch—and another life is snatched from the "drink." Air-Sea Rescue launches often undertake dangerous rescues in mined, and enemy, waters. They never falter and rarely fail.

ROSTOCK, one year later, after the four major attacks by the R.A.F. in April 1942 (*on left*)

Damage clearance which has taken place in the German Baltic port of Rostock now reveals more than ever the extensive and concentrated nature of the damage caused by the R.A.F.'s major attacks carried out on April 23-24, 24-25, 25-26 and 26-27, 1942. This official Air Ministry photograph, taken by a British reconnaissance aircraft on May 3, 1943—more than twelve months after the last of the series of four consecutive attacks—reveals clearly that more than 70 per cent. of all the buildings in the Old Town area which includes the main shopping and business sections and public buildings, have been destroyed or severely damaged. Generally speaking, the damage at Rostock has been treated as in other heavily-hit German towns—little attention has been paid to buildings damaged beyond the scope of simple repairs, and vast areas have been cleared to make them safe by demolition of the standing walls. Few areas have been cleared in the sense of preparation for immediate new building operations.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"THE LIVES AND DEATHS OF. . . . SOLDIERS"

A Deeply Moving Story by Robert Henriques; Daphne du Maurier's New Book with an Irish Setting; and other satisfying New Books

WRITING of this week's most notable and certainly most distinguished book, Stephen Vincent Benet has said: "This is not another 'war novel,' though it was written by a soldier and concerns the lives and deaths of men termed soldiers. . . . The action itself takes place upon three planes—what physically happens to Smith the Captain and his command, what Smith and his fellow-soldiers think, feel, remember and talk about, and what all men think and feel who struggle upon the mountain-side of war. . . . It is not primarily a report on a raid. It is a report on man's spirit."

CAPTAIN SMITH AND COMPANY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is by Robert Henriques, who is himself a soldier in Combined Operations and who took part in the Vaagso raid, in the American assault on Casablanca, and in the planning of St. Nazaire and many other operations. His present book proves that he is also a writer and a poet of subtlety and emotional force. The pattern of the book is original, moving from verse to prose and from straight, descriptive writing to allegory, yet the whole is integrated and harmonious. It is also deeply moving.

A small body of British infantry make a raid on the enemy coast, and Captain Smith and three men with him are fatally wounded. The rest of the book consists of these four men's thoughts, expressed in the single personality and spirit of Captain Smith. He has his own memories and hopes, and he shares theirs. He is the Communist corporal, he is Jones dreaming of chambers in Albany, he is the sergeant-major, and he is himself speeding across England in the dark to spend one last May morning by a familiar window.

It is difficult to estimate a book like this, which must be read and pondered to be enjoyed. Its impact on each reader will be different. Its interpretations will be as various as its readers. One incontrovertible fact remains: this book has beauty and bears the stamp of an artist's mind.

Miss Daphne du Maurier has achieved with her new book, HUNGRY HILL (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), the best constructed and, in a sense, the most solid of her novels up to date. In this story of an Irish family, she has traced the course that three passions for money, for a woman and for drink—may take through four generations of men.

The solidity of which I have spoken is a Victorian quality, and there is, in fact, a distinct inheritance here from the popular Victorian novelists. The Victorian writers whom I recall were robust, and creators of robust characters. In this, Miss du Maurier shows herself most truly the literary descendant, with less of the fantasy that marked her grandfather's work in *Peter Ibbetson* and a good deal more of hardy romanticism. One quality that, of course, they have in common, and which transcends contemporary fads of style, is their ability to tell a story—a vastly underrated talent.

The Brodricks we first meet in 1820 and part from their latest representative a hundred years later at the height of the Black and Tan troubles. They are a rich family who live in an unidentifiable part of Southern Ireland, and who, as the story opens, acquire a rich copper-mine on their own land in Hungry Hill. From that time, four generations of Brodrick men are affected, not by the fortunes of the mine, which remain a steady source of wealth, but by its management, for which few of them are fitted, and by the sullen discontent among the villagers, who even after a century fail to fit the Brodrick family into their own pattern of landowners. In each generation there is a "wild" Brodrick who drinks, is charming and weak, ostentatious and unreliable. These are also the men who have the most spectacular, if temporary, success with their love-affairs. The women of the family, with one exception, are dim echoes of their men.

As always—and I don't know whether anyone has commented on this—Miss du Maurier's story has an unhappy, though not, from a critical point of view, an unsatisfactory, ending.

When an English girl marries a Belgian count heads—or, at least, fictional heads—are shaken and gloomy prognostications exchanged. "Many Continental marriages built on even less secure foundations turn out well," ventures the girl's mother, but her father, an admiral, and as silent as his Service denotes, remains a confirmed head-shaker.

STILL AS A STRANGER (Murray. 9s. 6d.) is Mrs. Marjorie Villiers's first novel, though I remember with great pleasure her earlier book on *The Grand Whiggery*. Without making invidious comparisons, one can still say that the present experiment is little more than that: a breaking of new ground, and a trial of a new technique which will strengthen and develop with successive books.

Her new story is of a girl who, safely and stolidly married to her Belgian, goes to live in Paris, where he is a member of the Corps Diplomatique, and where she has consequently to attend an endless series of formal dinners and of visits to her husband's relations.

In any case, Camilla would be unhappy, since she loves, not Xavier, but Adrian, the Englishman whom she has been unable to marry. When she moves to the ancestral home of Watteghem, her problems are complicated, though never enlivened, by Adrian's appearance as a wounded officer, by Xavier's death in a plane crash, and by the knowledge that she is going to have a baby of uncertain parenthood.

The best part of the novel therefore lies, not in the characterisations but in the descriptions of scenes and places, and by the meticulously-drawn picture of life in a Belgian château. I look forward with genuine interest to Mrs. Villiers's next novel.

BRITAIN KEEPS THE SEAS (Oxford University Press. 5s.) deserves to be a best-seller with everyone from the age of ten onwards, and that is by no means to imply that the book has a juvenile character. It is a record of some naval incidents during the first two years of this war, including the epic of Dunkirk, the action in Narvik fjord, the scuttling of the *Graf Spee*, the sinking of the *Bismarck* and many other naval operations constantly and faithfully carried out in circumstances of the greatest hardship and danger. In this category come, of course, convoying and minesweeping.

Captain J. E. A. Whitman has written a straightforward and conscientious review of Britain's war effort at sea. He has described the meaning and application of sea-power, which, he explains, can never be absolute; the Command can and always has been very much in dispute in this war as in others, but relatively Britain's power has always been supreme, and her courage and resourcefulness to-day are as great as they have ever been.

Few books on this great subject have been so sparing of high-flown talk and heroics.

Prince Hubertus Loewenstein has written an autobiographical account of events in Europe during the last ten years. He has written as a fervent Catholic and at the same time as a Republican, a German Prince and an ardent apologist on behalf of all German people. ON BORROWED PEACE (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is the work of a man of sentiments with Utopian, but clearly-defined, projects for the future. He spends some time in expounding his view that war could have been avoided by a foreign policy which would have encouraged a German revolution, to be followed by the establishment of a European Commonwealth, but for most people the book's chief interest will be in its discussion of personalities, of his meeting with Haile Selassie, with Jacques Maritain and with the Bullfrog of the Pontine Marshes.

The Prince is now living in America, where he has been lecturing and writing. Sometimes his talks to the younger audiences produce odd results, as when a girl student in one of his history classes showed him her notes after a lecture on jurisprudence. "Jewish prudence is part of a social science," she had written. "Jewish prudence is, in fact, one of the oldest traits of the social nature of man." And another girl, even closer to my heart, handed in a paper which read tersely: "Social legislation was invented by Karl Marx. He was quite a socialite."

The four latest little books in that excellent series, "Britain in Pictures," are THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE, by Mr. Noel Sabine; BRITISH HISTORIANS, by Mr. E. L. Woodward; WOMEN'S INSTITUTES, by Miss Cicely McCall; and WILD LIFE OF BRITAIN by Mr. F. Fraser Darling. All these are published by Collins at 4s. 6d.

The list now numbers about forty titles, covering as many aspects of life in these islands. Since each subject has been "covered" by a recognised expert, the collection when complete will be as authoritative and as comprehensive as anything yet published on these lines.

I have written before of the actual production of these handbooks, which is compact without being overcrowded, and invariably well illustrated.

THE LATEST LIFE-SAVING IDEA FOR WRECKED SEAMEN: With a petrol tin and a biscuit tin as his chief materials, and using the spare mast for fuel, a seaman adrift in an open boat improvised a still. With it he produced 5 gallons of drinking water a day from sea water. It kept the men in the boat alive for 19 days, until they were rescued. Now such improvisation will be unnecessary. Experiments have produced three types of still which can be fitted to lifeboats. Here is Lieut. J. H. G. Goodfellow, designer of one type, demonstrating it to Mr. Noel-Baker and Admiral Sir Dunbar Nasmith, V.C.

ADMIRAL SIR DUNBAR NASMITH, V.C., sampling water which has been distilled from the River Thames during the life-saving demonstration. Mr. J. P. Noel-Baker, M.P., Joint-Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of War Transport, is looking on

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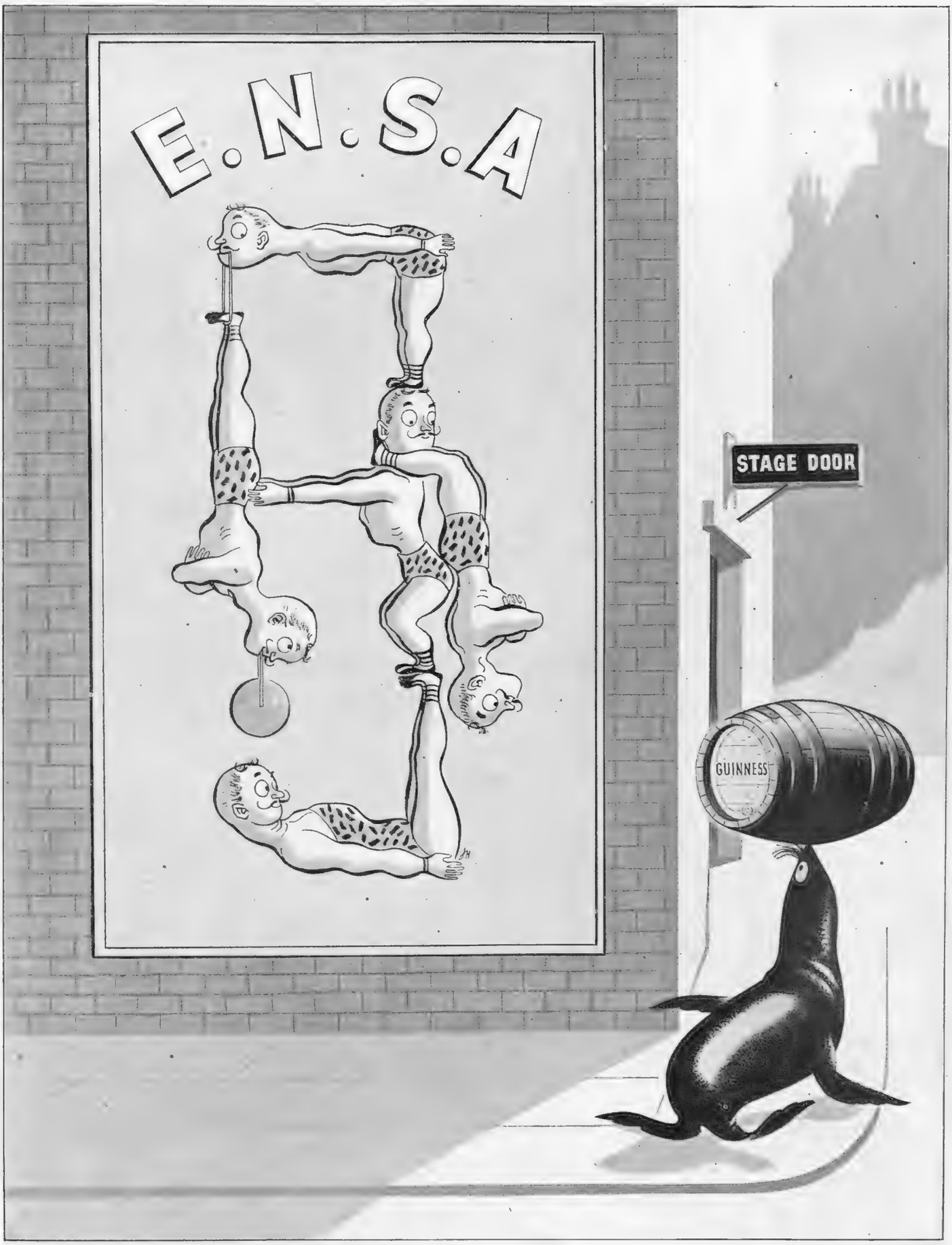

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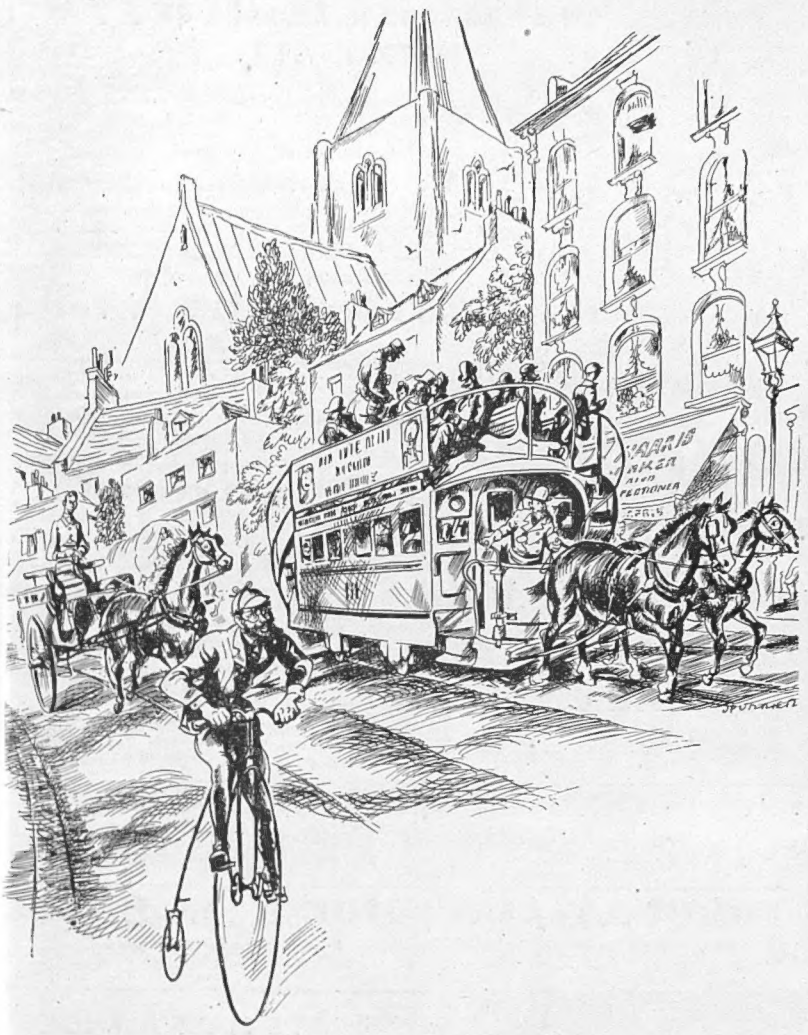

4,620,502,000 ! What is it ? Something to do with the Budget . . . sleepy-time sheep counted by a mattress-tortured fire-watcher . . . or the number of tickets issued by the London Tramways and Omnibuses in a peace time year ? The answer is the last of these —and we quote this immense figure merely to show the importance of the Bell Punch system. For in the days of yore, when trams were drawn by gee-gees and "penny-farthings" were pedalled by the intrepid, there was no fare system at all. Some paid; some didn't. And we feel sure the firm's Accountant must have plucked at his boater with perplexity and frustration. But order came—in 1890. For it was then that the Bell Punch Company introduced their system of fare-checking. Since then the system has been enlarged in scope and improved in application. And to-day, not only in the world of transport, but in canteens and other places where the quick and easy checking of revenue against purchases is of paramount importance, the Bell Punch Company is still adding to the National efficiency.

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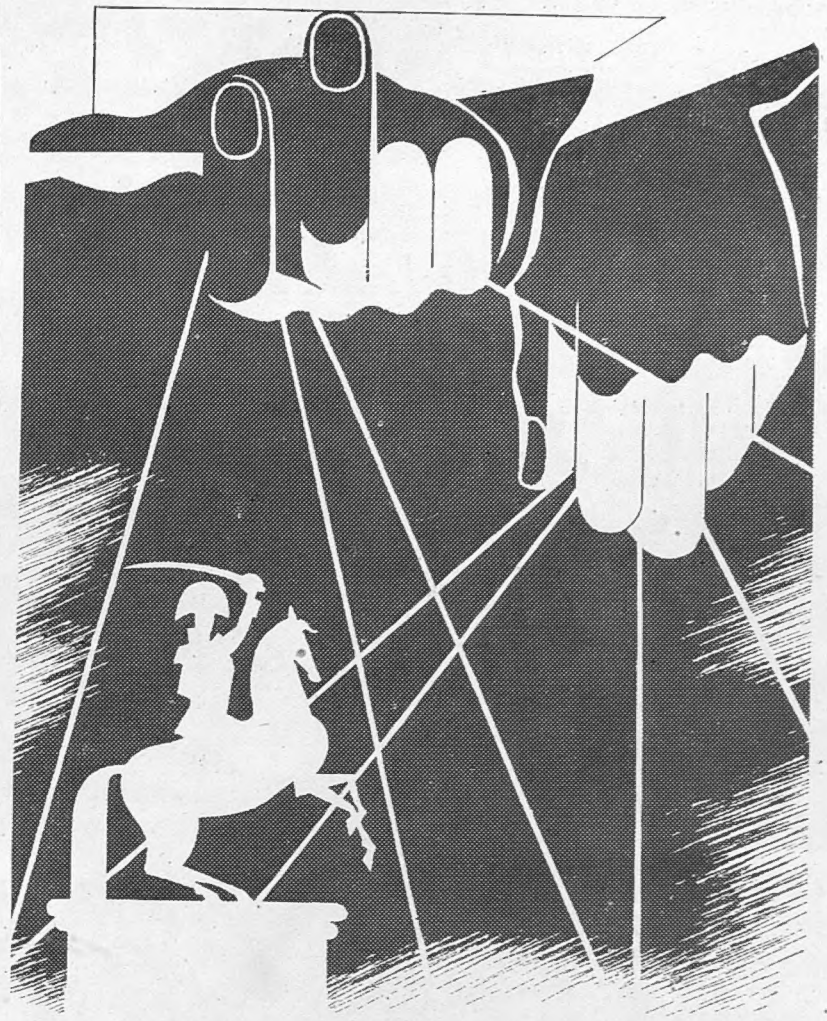

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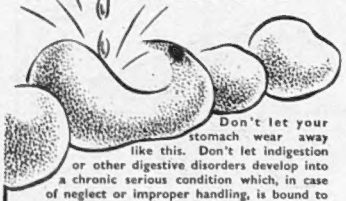

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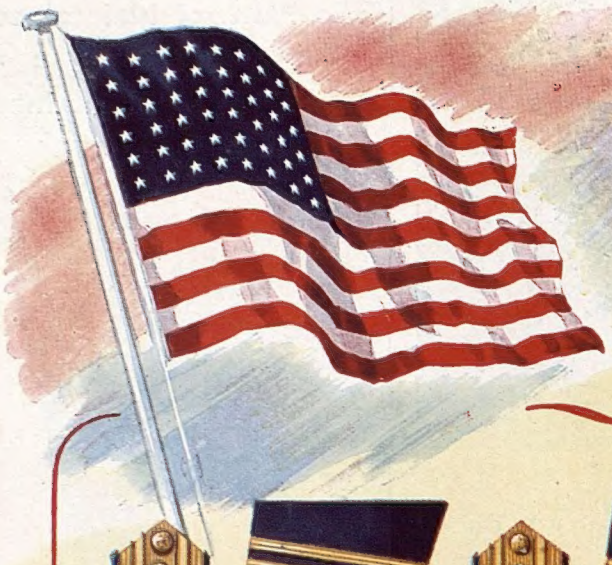

How to recognise Rank in the UNITED STATES NAVY

Admiral

Vice Admiral

Rear Admiral

Officers of Flag Rank

Captain

Commander

Lieutenant Commander

Lieutenant

Captains & Commanders

Lieutenant
JUNIOR GRADE

Ensign

Chief Warrant Officer

Warrant Officer

Lieutenant Commanders
AND LOWER RANKS

Combination Cap
CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

Naval Aviator

Submarine

CORPS DEVICES

LINE

MEDICAL

CHAPLAIN

DENTAL

SUPPLY

CONSTRUCTION

CIVIL ENGINEERING

BOATSWAIN

MACHINIST

PAY CLERK

ELECTRICIAN

GUNNER

CARPENTER

RADIO ELECTRICIAN

PHARMACIST

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CARPENTER'S MATE FIRST CLASS

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